Famous City Men

James Ewing Ritchie

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FAMOUS CITY MEN.

BY

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PREFACE.

THE following papers, which originally appeared in *The Citizen*, have been republished, in the hope that they may illustrate the life of the City, and may disabuse those sagacious critics who seem to imagine that City people are beneath notice. So much has been written and said about the Corporation, that the general impression appears to be that it is a sink of iniquity, and that the men connected with its affairs deserve at the very least transportation. It seems to the writer of these pages that a good deal is to be said on the other side. A Londoner is a citizen of no mean city, and he has no reason to be ashamed. The gentlemen of whom I write are to be met with in the City every day. They are by no means picked specimens; but, to speak in City phraseology, they are fair samples. The Author at the same time bespeaks the indulgence of the reader. It is no easy matter from magazine or newspaper or conversation to write sketches of living men, or to give interest to a mercantile career eminently useful but not always of the most romantic character.

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FAMOUS CITY MEN.

ALDERMAN SIR ROBERT CARDEN, M.P.

WHEN Sir George Jackson was in Paris in 1801 an old Englishman called on him, who began his remarks by finding fault with the climate. "Why," said his host, "we are in the midst of November, and have clear bright sunshine, when I hear from home that London is wrapped in its usual gloom and fog." "I am not one of those who find fault with that," answered the old gentleman. "It's the right thing at this time of year, and if they had a little more of it in the country it would be a good thing for them. You may depend upon it that a reasonable degree of weight in the atmosphere steadies the brain, and that we Englishmen owe much of our solid good sense—our respect for God and His Majesty and the laws of the land, to the—the—I'll call it softness of the climate. Now, I've been ten

days in this country, and I shall be very sorry to stay in it ten more, for I notice that the kind of thin, light, and I'll even say flippant, sort of air you get here makes a man light-headed. I'm off to-morrow," he concluded. "There's no place can compare with old England. A snug fireside, a fine sirloin, and a bottle of old mellow port, I look on as pleasant things peculiarly her own, as the fogs that are the necessary ingredients of her winter. I find none of them here, and am too old and too much of an Englishman to put up with a flickering bit of wood, claret, and stewed frogs as substitutes."

One can imagine the identical old John Bull of whom Sir George writes was the worthy Sir Robert Carden himself; but the dates forbid that theory, however plausible on other grounds. It is true Sir Robert was alive in 1801; in fact he was born in that year, but at that time he must have been a babe in the cradle or mewing and puking in his nurse's arms. Perhaps the John Bull of whom Sir George writes was Sir Robert's father. The sentiments are such as one might expect Sir Robert's father to have uttered. Sir Robert's father was a London solicitor, and London solicitors in a good way of business—whatever may be the Radical proclivities of their hot youth—generally ripen into Conservatives of the first and most full-flavoured order. Not, of

course, out of fear of the sweeping away of vested interests or of valuable—from a pecuniary point of view—privileges; but out of a pious and disinterested love for our glorious Constitution, in Church and State. Sir Robert's mother was a Walter, and thus he is connected with *The Times*. In order to give practical effect to this praiseworthy Conservatism Sir Robert has found his way into Parliament, and at the last general election took the place formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Cave, as M.P. for Barnstaple. That ancient borough enjoys rather a shady reputation in Parliamentary circles. Like ladies who have outlived the romance of youth and that charming dream—alas! so rarely realised—of love in a cottage, it is supposed to be peculiarly susceptible to the charms of a wealthy wooer. Strange tales are told of Barnstaple elections, and sudden conversions on the part of the free and independent, depending on the persuasive arguments of electioneering agents.

It is to be believed that Sir Robert had nothing to do with such dirty work, and that nothing but profound respect for Sir Robert's personal worth and Conservative principles, assisted by the charm of his eloquence, converted the Conservative minority of 1879 into a handsome majority in 1880. At the latter date we find Sir Robert

at the head of the poll with 856 votes, while in 1874 757 votes sufficed to place Mr. Cave in that proud position. This is the more remarkable, as at the previous election Sir Robert was defeated by his present colleague. If in respect of admiration for a wealthy suitor Barnstaple may be said to be somewhat feminine, in its fickleness it may also be said to be worthy of a similar remark. In his Parliamentary contests Sir Robert Carden has been, to say the least, somewhat unfortunate. He represented Gloucester from 1857 to 1859, when he was defeated by Mr. William Price; and Gloucester is one of the boroughs which, if not to be bought, requires, at any rate, on the part of the candidate, a generous expenditure.

Sir Robert had also been a Parliamentary candidate for St. Albans, a borough which, if it has lost the franchise for bribery and corruption, has gained in our day a bishop; and he was also an unsuccessful candidate for Marylebone, a borough to which Sir Robert's Conservatism was as unpalatable as was the Radicalism of the late Lord Beaconsfield when, backed by the recommendations of Dan O'Connell and Joey Hume, that great statesman and greater novelist appeared before its electors. It is a wicked world, and nowhere is its wickedness more apparent than when a general election takes place,

and we have an appeal—Heaven help us!—to the sense of the country.

Let me change the scene. We will imagine it is the month of April, and we are seated in the front seats of Exeter Hall on the occasion of the annual meeting of the Ragged School Union. The Earl of Shaftesbury is in the chair; on the platform are gentlemen distinguished for piety and philanthropy all the world over. Behind them with smiling faces are ranged hundreds of the boys and girls who have been saved by ragged-school agency from the shame and degradation of the streets. Further still are the banners and decorations of their respective schools; and just before the noble Earl in the chair are piles of reward books and illustrated cards, to be given to the schools which have best behaved themselves. As each name is called a teacher comes forward, and when Ogle Street Mission is announced that teacher is Alderman Sir Robert Carden. What a wonderful old man he looks. Tall, erect, with fine figure and fresh face, with a fine head of thick gray hair as a crown of glory, with the military bearing of a man who in his youth was gazetted an officer in the 82nd Foot. And how the people cheer as he marches off bearing away his well-earned prizes; and truly does the worthy knight and alderman well deserve all his blushing honours. From Ogle Street to George Yard,

Whitechapel, is a good way, yet all along the intermediate distance Sir Robert is well known as an indefatigable supporter of ragged schools, and as one deeply interested in the amelioration of the condition of the poor. As far back as 1857 he was Lord Mayor of London, and in that capacity paid a visit to Mr. Holland in George Yard, Whitechapel, and has ever since, in season and out, been one of Mr. Holland's most steadfast supporters. It is to him the Christmas dinner there owes its establishment, and Sir Robert is sure to put in an appearance, and to help in the division of the plum-pudding, the distinguishing and characteristic feature of the feast.

In times of pecuniary difficulty the first person resorted to is Sir Robert, who is sure to prove a friend in need. Still further west than Ogle Street is the Gray's Yard Ragged School, and there have I seen him on the occasion of the New Year's breakfast, where, as he is wont to remark, he has met with the guests at another place. Sir Robert Carden indeed may often be said to take a great deal of trouble, and with very little success. I remember once upon a time being present at a meeting when Sir Robert asked his auditors how many of them were out of work, and how many of them were anxious to get work. Immediately a whole forest of hands, more or less unfamiliar with soap and

labour, was held up. "Come then to me to-morrow, and I will see that you have suitable employment," said Sir Robert; and profuse was the gratitude of the ragged and half-starved assembly. When the morrow came the unwashed came into the City by the hundred before Sir R. Carden's offices. Nor did they come in vain. They were all taken on to work at, if I remember aright, three shillings and sixpence a day; but, alas! but few remained to earn that sum for a month, and not more than two stopped out the entire year. Sir Robert, it is to be feared, has had many similar discouragements in the work of social reform. Yet he is as ardent in it as ever, and I believe that I have heard him say that all his servants were ragged-school teachers. At any rate, Miss Carden conducts a Bible-class.

The other day there was a rumour that Sir Robert had been struck with a severe attack of paralysis, and more than one paper commenced a comment on his career as if already it were terminated; but, as Earl Russell said on a memorable occasion, "There is life in the old dog yet." "I rejoice with you," wrote Lord Jeffrey to Macvey Napier on the occasion of the false report of Lord Brougham's death in 1839, "at the generosity with which his political opponents have generally suggested his epitaph, though I am, perhaps, not

surprised at it. The English public is naturally generous and humane, and there was much in such a fate to soften all asperities." So it was with Sir Robert recently. Even the Radical *Echo* was prepared to shed a tear over the possibly fatal termination of Sir Robert's assumed attack. In reality, the attack was a myth, and, to look at Sir Robert, he has before him, in spite of his great age and constant activity, many years of life, and long may it be so. A gathering at the Mansion House seems incomplete without him. As a *locum tenens* at the police-court, or to preside at a public meeting in the Egyptian Hall, his services are invaluable. I can often fancy Sir Robert as he discharges these duties alike honorary and honourable, saying to himself, much after the fashion of the Poet Laureate's brook—

> Lord Mayors may come—Lord Mayors may go,
> But I sit on for ever.

In Ogle Street School—a building which may be said to owe its existence to Sir Robert's generosity, on the occasion of the annual meeting he always manages to secure the presence of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, and after the meeting the illustrious visitors, together with the officers of the school, repair to Sir Robert's hospitable mansion in Wimpole Street, where a

sumptuous repast is spread—a pleasant finish to a good night's work. This reference to the worthy Alderman's dwelling reminds me of his home life. He has been a widower since 1877. He has also to mourn the loss of many of his family. His eldest son retired from the army in 1872, having served many years in India. Sir Robert's second son, the late Rev. Robert Carden, who died in 1873, was a clergyman of the Church of England. I believe Sir Robert himself attends the services of Portman Chapel, long the head-quarters, and now more than ever under the ministry of the Rev. Neville Sherbrooke, of the Evangelical party. In the mansion, as you enter the dining-room on your right, you are struck with the number of canaries, which are the pets of the only Miss Carden left, while the vellum complimentary addresses on the walls from various ragged schools, testifying their gratitude and respect, are perhaps more prized by Sir Robert than the pictures and statues of which in all parts of the house there is a plentiful display. He has a country residence in West Moulsey, and there every three years he throws open the place to the children of the High Street Mission, who there realise a happy day as they walk in procession round his grounds, and finish up with a good dinner at the worthy knight's expense. The chances are that if you don't find Sir

Robert in his offices in Throgmorton Street, he is at the Mansion House or the Guildhall, administering justice or relieving the Lord Mayor for the time of some of his heavy duties. Long a City stockbroker, he is always at hand. Besides, he is a Magistrate for Middlesex and Surrey, and has been a Commissioner of Lieutenancy for London since 1849. It was in 1851 that he filled the office of Sheriff of London and was knighted by Royalty. On the bench he was always to be found when an intricate financial case was to be heard, as his opinion was held of great importance in financial matters. Sir Robert was the founder of the City Bank, is Chairman of the Royal Exchange Bank, and is a Director of the Canada Company.

In 1849, he was elected without opposition Alderman of Dowgate Ward, and in 1861 he accomplished his great reform of clearing the City streets of the hordes of vagrants by which they were daily infested. He did good service by sentencing them for twenty-one days to the City Gaol, where not only their bodies, but their clothes were cleansed as well. When elected Lord Mayor he also did good service by putting down the exactions of the 'long-shore men, who had been in the habit of victimising his predecessors. As Lord Mayor of London it was Sir Robert's pleasure to escort the Princess Royal to

Gravesend. Four years before that he had been present at the coronation of the Emperor Alexander at Moscow, and received from the Emperor, as a souvenir of the event, a fine medal. Sir Robert is a member of the Guild of Cutlers. Thus, in every capacity, Sir Robert's claims to famous citizenship cannot be denied.

Perhaps the most marvellous thing about Sir Robert is his health. When Sir Thomas Lawrence was painting Mrs. Siddons he used to remark, "Madam, there is no end to your nose!" A similar remark might apply to Sir Robert Carden's health—there is no end to it. He has been run over, knocked into the water and half drowned on a winter's day; undergone a severe surgical operation at the hands of his neighbour, Sir Henry Thompson. He has sat at rich men's tables, and taken his share of civic calipash and calipee, and yet he looks hale and hearty, and able to work at his various vocations as well as ever.

Once upon a time I asked Sir Robert the cause of his longevity. "Providence," was his reply. Providence, said Napoleon the Great, was always on the side of the strongest battalions. Sir Robert's "Providence" must be of a similar character—he must have come of a long-lived stock, and must have had the digestion of an ostrich. Only think of it!—

he was a stockbroker when George the Third was King, and found his way into the Corporation when Prince Albert was a power in the land, when France was an Empire, when people were only beginning to use railways and were only beginning to dream of telephones and electric lights. He has lived to see the City streets clear of beggars, and to find all the children of the City poor at school. Like the late Mr. Cobden, I ask, "What next, and next?" merely premising that in case Sir Robert does turn out to be mortal, and is in due time gathered to his fathers' land, long and deeply will he be lamented by the children, and teachers, and old people connected with ragged schools, to whom, especially in the winter, he acts the part of the Good Samaritan. At Wimpole Street many is the sad heart cheered as the good things of Sir Robert's kitchen find their way into the hands of the weak and suffering poor. Not soon will the memory of such a man pass away. Exeter Hall says he ought to have been a baronet by this time —and perhaps Exeter Hall is right.

MR. ALDERMAN COTTON, M.P.

I CANNOT lay my hand upon the exact passage, but there is in the writings of Algernon Sidney a description of the state of matters in the palmy days of the Florentine Republic, which has always seemed to me, as far as it is possible in this world of imperfect men—and a necessitous regard to truth compels me also to add, imperfect women, who have not a little to do as to the fate of parties and the triumph of factions—about as near a perfect system of government as it is possible to imagine. That honest old Republican describes how the leading merchants of the place in the daytime attended to their business, and in the evening gathered in the hall of debate, and there, in the plain garb of citizens, received audiences from without and transacted business either of vital interest at home or as connected with foreign principalities and powers; and then, if the atmosphere was disturbed and the

Republic was in danger, repaired to the watchfires around the Arno, to consider how best to keep off the assault of the foe. London and Florence have little in common, and Florence has sadly degenerated since that glorious page of her history was drawn by a friendly hand. Yet, as I see the senior member for our great City constituency—a constituency to be spoken of with respect, however one may like the present writer detest its politics—in the plain garb of the citizen, transacting business in his counting-house in St. Mary Axe, and thence passing from the civic senate in the Guildhall ere he seats himself in the still more illustrious assembly in Westminster Hall, one cannot but feel that we have preserved a simplicity which Florence has for ever lost, in spite of the wealth of genius and beauty with which heaven has endowed her, and that in spite of aristocratic institutions and of the influence of a Court we have arrived nearer to the Florentine model of her golden prime than any existing constitution in the Old World or the New. There is little to fear for the future of our land when our leading constituencies return such famous citizens as Alderman Cotton, not even when that choice involved the rejection of such eccentric lights of the religious world as Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple. The men of London, it is clear, have little sympathy

with the political charlatan; they require to be represented by business men of high standing. If to that there be conjoined, as in the case of Alderman Cotton, a certain amount of popular address and of literary tastes and sympathies, so much the better. But London is a city especially of business, and the man who aspires to the honour of being its representative first of all must be a business man. As a Conservative, Alderman Cotton achieved an unexpected triumph. For years the City had been Liberal to its core. In the great fight for freedom the City Fathers had taken a high rank, but a generation had arisen who had not known what Toryism meant in the way of increasing expenditure or decaying trade. Their fathers had felt the pinch for themselves, but to the new generation the Tories had sung:

> Let learning, art, and commerce die,
> But give us still our old nobility;

and soothed by such dulcet strains the City of London became, under the leadership of Mr. Alderman Cotton, Conservative, and ever since he was returned at the head of the poll we have had three Conservatives instead of three Liberals, as was the old rule. But there are Conservatives and Conservatives. Let me illustrate my meaning. I happened to be in the library of the Guildhall when the freedom of the

City was presented to those very distinguished and at that time very popular statesmen, Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury. As the noble lords entered, one of the spectators idiotically exclaimed, "Treason to the Constitution!" or something, as near as I could catch it in the excitement of the moment, to that effect. Never did I see a poor fellow so brutally assaulted before, and I felt—as we have all of us at times to feel—in reality how little difference there is between the swell in full dress and the Whitechapel rough. This was made the more apparent in the course of the day. The meeting dissolved, I found myself in a line with a well-dressed Conservative gentleman, who was explaining to his daughter as they made their way out the incident of the morning. "I sat next the fellow," he said; "I had quite an argument with him. I called him all the names I could think of." Well, that well-dressed man admitted by ticket into the Guildhall Library was a Conservative, but not of Alderman Cotton's type—who does not hold the force of argument to consist in calling your opponent names, and in blindly following your party, whether right or wrong. To this independent and intelligent Conservatism, of course, in the City there are many who take objections. When in 1879 Lord Beaconsfield was preparing apparently to lead the country into war

with Russia, Mr. Alderman Cotton went so far as to protest, and drew down upon himself the anger of *The Standard*. He hoped, he said, the Minister would not have the temerity to declare war without an appeal to the people, a speech to which, perhaps, was due the fact that Mr. Cotton left the Mansion House after his year of office had expired without a baronetcy. But, nevertheless, the senior City M.P. maintained his independent career. At the recent dinner of the City of London School Committee he had the manliness to say, "that he could not help looking with admiration upon the great strain which had been made on the mind of Mr. Gladstone within the last two sessions. He carried the Irish Bills through with his great and grand mind; and in the last month he sat from the opening of Parliament to its close in order to see the clôture through. He did not like to introduce politics, but he felt himself bound to give praise where praise was due."

Some idiots found fault with this language; those who have no idea of generosity or justice are idiots, whether they be Conservatives or Liberals. Subsequently—it is to be hoped not in defence, for the language does not need it—the Alderman, speaking at another meeting, explained himself. "He wished," he said, "to see the work of the country progress, and not be governed by a minority of forty

Irishmen," a wish the common sense of which few will deny. In another way also Mr. Alderman Cotton is ahead of his party; he can recall the time when a City merchant who made his thousand a year was satisfied, and thought he did well; now such a man makes his thousands, and it is all owing to Free Trade. I use as nearly as I can remember the Alderman's words on the subject. The inference is that Mr. Cotton, to catch a few supporters, would not vote for any fancy schemes to bring back Protection under a new name.

Gray-haired, and of portly build, the Alderman looks a little older than when some seven-and-twenty years ago he used to ride outside the Barnet Royal Mail—an omnibus, it is true, but one which was driven by men in red coats, who had driven in their day real stage-coaches, and which was drawn by four horses. He resided at Finchley then, nor had he long been married I fancy, but he was a handsome man to look at, and was as companionable as any of us who used to ride that way twice a day.

It seems to me he is a little stiffer now, but then "vidth and visdom grow together," as Mr. Weller, senior, used to remark, and the Alderman's wisdom has grown with his years. He was then outside City life, nor did I ever hear him discuss politics, nor was he then, I believe, at the head of any firm.

However, he soon moved off to Highgate, where he acquired fame and power, and then planted himself in that fine old mansion of Theobalds sacred to the memory of Sir Thomas Abney, Dr. Watts, and last, but not least, the British Solomon. And it was there he was drawn home in triumph by the people of Waltham, when at eleven at night he landed there from town, the hero of the fight, the first-fruits of Conservative reaction, having secured the large vote of 8,397 in a constituency which not long before had returned three Liberals in numbers varying from 6,213 to 6,520.

As the Alderman was born in 1822, he was in the very prime of life when he became the senior member for the City. At one time it seemed that the Alderman's talents would have taken a literary rather than a political turn. Long before he was known to the public he had written a poem on Imagination, of which a popular edition, dedicated to Carlyle, was published after he became Lord Mayor.

In strains rarely heard in City circles the Alderman sings :

> Fancy, bright attendant, lead me forth,
> Through sunny climes or by the snow-clad north,
> From earth to heaven—to nether hell,
> That all my spirit sees my tongue may tell.

As a rule, City men are not partial to poets,

and I fancy in the sale of hides and leather even the Alderman found a more remunerative, if not a more agreeable, occupation. He was then, I believe, in the house of Culverwell, Brookes, and Co., of which he is now the head. But authorship has its charms, and a *brochure* entitled "Smash" still attests the versatility of the Alderman's powers.

It was during the time of the American war that Mr. Cotton first became known to fame. There was an awful state of destitution in Lancashire in consequence of the failure of the supply of American cotton. In 1801 the population of the county of Lancashire amounted to 673,486; in 1861 its population was twelve per cent. of that of England and Wales. In the same period the population of Manchester had grown from 94,176 to 460,018—Burnley, from 4,000 to 30,000; and altogether it was estimated that throughout the whole country the population had grown 100 per cent. in little over thirty years—a rate faster than would seem possible unless aided by immigration, and emigration there had been to a considerable extent from the agricultural districts.

In 1835 it was estimated by Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth that, from 1821 to 1831, 17,000 persons per annum had flocked into Lancashire from other parts of the United Kingdom. All these people

lived by cotton. In 1860 there were in Great Britain some 2,650 cotton factories, worked by a population of about 440,000, whose wages amounted to £11,500,000 yearly. Of these workers 90 per cent. were adults and 56 per cent. females. A power equal to that of 300,000 horses, of which 18,500 was water-power, drove the machinery which those quick eyes and active fingers guided and governed.

The actual importation of cotton for the year, to be woven into yarn and calico in these mills, was 1,390,938,752 lbs.

In April, 1861, when the bloodless fall of Fort Sumter took place, the cotton famine began, though Lancashire did not feel the impending danger till a year after, as there had been such a glut of production in 1859 and 1860 that not a few houses in Liverpool and Manchester felt a difficulty in meeting their liabilities. In the autumn the grim prospect of the famine was growing unpleasantly near. The *Manchester Guardian and Examiner* appealed to the wealthy; the Manchester Chamber of Commerce called a meeting to consider the question of the cotton supply, and Mr. Villiers, the President of the Poor Law Board, sent out circulars of advice and warning to all the Poor Law Guardians of the district.

In December an organised system of relief had been established, of which, wrote Mr. Arthur Arnold,

it may be safely affirmed that the minimum of demoralisation has been combined with the maximum of good which it is possible to effect by a system purely eleemosynary, and London nobly came to the rescue. According to Mr. Arnold, the historian of the cotton famine, Mr. Cotton, with an early proffer of services and money, introduced the subject to the notice of Lord Mayor Cubitt. Subsequently Mr. Cotton and two or three gentlemen who also served on the committee, addressed the Lord Mayor on the Bench of the Mansion House Police Court with reference to the advisability of collecting funds for the relief of the distress in the cotton districts.

This proceeding was arranged between them and the Lord Mayor, in order to give publicity to the proposal, and to test the public willingness to make subscriptions.

Towards the end of April, 1862, the Lord Mayor announced that he had received a lot of letters upon the subject, and made the more agreeable statement that money was coming in fast. On the 16th May he informed the public that a meeting had been held of the gentlemen who had interested themselves in the establishment of the fund, and that it had been resolved to send £1,500 to the distressed districts. Since then it transmitted nearly half-a-million sterling. The Mansion House Committee,

wrote Mr. Arthur Arnold, "has always been essentially executive. At all events its deliberations have not transpired, and its limitation to five or six working members has given great directness and simplicity to its action." Mr. Cotton was not only the promoter, but chairman and treasurer of the fund, which did good service, and which continued to exist under the Mayoralty of Sir William Rose.

Mr. Cotton became Alderman of Lime Street Ward without ever having been a Common Councilman. In 1868 he was Sheriff of London and Middlesex, and in 1875 became Mayor, the duties of which state he discharged in a style of princely munificence. During his term of office the return of the Prince of Wales from India was the principal event, and it was signalised by a splendid banquet to His Royal Highness and suite, and not only was the expense borne by the Lord Mayor, but still further to commemorate the event he placed in the Guildhall a window representing the reception of the Prince and Princess and other guests, and the passing of the loving cup at the banquet. He had previously placed there a window representing the cotton plant, its growth and uses in twelve stages, that is now in the Kensington Museum on its way to its final resting-place, the Kew Gardens.

When the question of Greece came to the front, Mr. Cotton became one of the committee and spoke in Parliament on the claims of Greece. Mr. Cotton won golden opinions as a member of the London School Board, to which he was elected three times, and from which only he retired in consequence of the increasing claims of parliamentary life. Though elected by the Denominational Party he never went to extremes, and his retirement was much regretted by all parties. He has not been without his well-earned honours. Lime Street Ward celebrated the return of their Alderman to Parliament by a banquet, and Lloyds' cheered him when he went to return his thanks to the members for their support, and only the other day his portrait was placed in the hall of the Saddlers' Company. One of his acts as Alderman was to move the presentation of the freedom of the City, with a sword, to Sir Robert Napier, for his successful conduct of the Abyssinian campaign.

Mr. Alderman Cotton is a magistrate for London, Middlesex, and Kent, a member of the Court of Lieutenancy, and a Commissioner of Inland Revenue for Herts. He is a Director of the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company, and had much to do with a club in George Yard, which did not turn out a very successful undertaking. He is Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Mary

Datchelor Schools. He is a member of the Court of the Furriers' and Fanmakers' Companies, and is Past Master of the Haberdashers' and Saddlers' Companies. He is a member of the Carlton and City Carlton and the Queen's Gate Clubs. That he has the courage of his opinions is clear from what I have already indicated. If any further proof be necessary here it is: Alderman Cotton, in his place in Parliament, has stood up as the advocate of City Guilds, an act deserving to be recorded—if an artist is to be found equal to the emergency—in another painted window in the Guildhall.

ALDERMAN SIR JAMES CLARKE LAWRENCE, M.P.

Old Montaigne tells us that when the Parliament of Bordeaux offered to make him Mayor of that important city he felt as much inclined to refuse the proffered honour as did Alexander the Great the burgess-ship of the city of Corinth, till the ambassadors informed him that Hercules and Bacchus were also on the register. The fact was that Montaigne's father had also filled the office of Mayor, and, writes the essayist: "I very well remember from a boy to have seen him in his old age tormented with and solicitous about public affairs, neglecting the soft repose of his own house, to which the declension of his age had reduced him for several years before, the management of his own affairs and his health, and certainly despising his own life, which was in great danger of being lost by being very aged, in long and painful voyages on their behalf. Such was he, and

this humour of his proceeded from a marvellous good humour. Never was there a more charitable and popular soul." In this respect the son seems not quite to have resembled the father. It is to the credit of Sir James Clarke Lawrence that he was of another way of thinking—that in the fact that his father had served the City of London, as Alderman and Sheriff, he found an incentive to undertaking the same offices himself, and that as a consequence he deserves a conspicuous rank among our famous citizens. The example of the father was not lost upon the son; altogether he may be taken as an illustration of another of Montaigne's remarks, to the effect that "Business in some men is a mark of understanding, and they are honoured for it," a remark to which undoubtedly the reader of these pages will yield a hearty assent.

Sir James Clarke Lawrence first distinguished himself as a public speaker—an office for which he is especially and hereditarily qualified by the possession of a commanding presence, a sonorous tone, and a persuasive and polished diction—as far back as 1856, when Sir George Grey's London Corporation Bill was brought before a Common Hall of the Liverymen held in Guildhall. There are not many alive now who were present upon that occasion, but it is recorded that he moved a resolution in a powerful

address that filled the capacious building, for upwards of three-quarters of an hour, and was received with the deepest attention by nearly 2,000 persons, who evinced their estimation of its value and the effective manner of its delivery by the most enthusiastic applause. That speech was an epoch in his life, and at once made him a public man. In 1860, on the death of Mr. Alderman Wire, he succeeded him in Walbrook, the requisition to him having been signed by Baron Rothschild and other influential citizens. In the following year he served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex, and on the occasion of the presentation of an address of congratulation to the Queen on the marriage of the Prince of Wales, Alderman and Sheriff Lawrence had the honour of being presented to Her Majesty, and kissed hands. He was soon after placed in the Commission of the Peace for Middlesex and Westminster, and was presented by the inhabitants of Walbrook with his portrait, painted by a distinguished artist, as a sign of their appreciation of the good service he had rendered his Ward. About the same time, also, his portrait was placed in the Hall of the Carpenters' Company. His record as Lord Mayor in 1868 is one of unusual brilliancy. For the first time under Sir James' Mayoralty the members of the Royal Academy of British Artists

and of the Royal and Scientific Societies dined together at the Mansion House. He presided as chairman of a committee formed to promote technical education, a cause for which the City has subsequently done much. Also he became President of the British and Colonial Emigration Society, by means of which 10,000 deserving persons, who were unable to earn an honest living at home, were comfortably planted out in the colonies and provided with remunerative employment. In that year, also, the disastrous bankruptcy of Messrs. Overend and Gurney took place, and as Chief Magistrate he had to conduct the exhaustive inquiry which ensued, and which was a matter of European concern. As Lord Mayor he received Her Majesty on the occasion of the opening of the new bridge at Blackfriars and the Holborn Viaduct, that boon to the metropolis, in connection with which he was made a baronet. As Lord Mayor also he reopened the celebrated cemetery in Bunhill Fields, where Bunyan and De Foe and many of the great Nonconformists of our earlier times are buried, as a place of public resort, after having been restored and much improved. By a singular coincidence it appears that the cemetery in question was enclosed in 1665 by a Lord Mayor Lawrence, who did much out of his own income to relieve the sufferings of the poor of London after the

Great Fire in 1666. Not only in London but on the Continent as well did Sir James Lawrence well and worthily represent the City. He assisted at the Great International Exhibition in Amsterdam, where he was well received by the King and Queen of Holland. On the occasion of the Grand Tir National in Belgium he also visited that country, endeared to us by so many political and historical associations. When in the Old Palace at Liége a grand banquet was given to 5,000 Volunteers of different nations, he had the honour of sitting near the King, and at the grand concert which followed, while on one side of the stage the King occupied the Royal box, on the other side was Sir James Lawrence in that of the Burgomaster. The evening was one of enthusiasm, and cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" "*Vive le Lor Maire!*" were heard on all sides. Sir James had the still further honour of dining at the Palace of Brussels, given to celebrate his visit, in company with many leading Belgian statesmen and Royal personages. In 1870 the King sent Sir James a painting of the Old Palace at Liége as "a souvenir of the *fêtes* celebrated in the city at Liége in the presence of the Lord Mayor, and in which he played so conspicuous a part." Rarely has a Lord Mayor been called upon to act in grander part—rarely has he been received with more fitting honour.

At a later time we find Sir James one of the Royal Commissioners for the erection of the New Courts of Justice. He is chairman of the Committee of Justices for the management of the City Lunatic Asylum at Stone, near Dartford. He is on the Courts of the Carpenters' and Fishmongers' Companies. Few men work harder than Sir James, yet he is out of business, and is supposed to have plenty of spare time as all bachelors ought to have.

As a member of Parliament Sir James also may be said to have had an exceptionally useful career.

The great Reform Bill of 1831 gave for the first time the important and busy borough of Lambeth the privilege of returning a couple of members to Parliament. As was to be expected, under the circumstances, its first members were Liberals, and Liberals, in spite of every effort to the contrary, they have since remained. In 1865 Sir James announced his intention of standing for the borough, having received a requisition to that effect signed by two thousand electors. He did so at a disadvantage, as some time previously he had attended a meeting in Lambeth, promoted by the City officials to oppose a proposition of the Secretary of State to amalgamate the City and Metropolitan Police Forces, and that, we are told by Mr. George Hill, in his valuable work, "The Electoral History of

Lambeth," gave umbrage to several leading men of the borough, who regarded it as a retrograde step, besides being an obtrusive use of the influence of the City; nevertheless Sir James was elected without opposition. At the next election "Tom Brown," *alias* Tom Hughes, came into the field, and Sir James was left lamenting. However, the mistake was soon rectified; and, at the next election, Sir James (then Lord Mayor) was returned at the head of the poll by 15,051 votes—a larger majority than any Metropolitan M.P. had ever received before.

At a banquet given to the two members at the Bridge House Hotel, Mr. Locke-King in the chair, Sir James remarked truly "there was not any promise made to his constituents which he had not redeemed. During the session the Army Regulation Bill, the University Tests Bill, the Lodgers' Goods Protection Bill, the Trades' Union Bill, and the extension of the Workshops and Factory Acts had been passed. The measure for the suspension of licences for public-houses had been most beneficial by reducing the number of public-houses and beer-houses."

He concluded by saying that during the three years he had represented them he had received numberless letters from his constituents, and in only six had his conduct been questioned, and two out of them made a mistake in the votes which he gave:

and he had the pleasure to inform those two correspondents that he had voted just as they desired.

Surely, in Sir James the intelligent democracy of Lambeth had a man after their own heart. When, in 1874, Mr. Gladstone suddenly appealed to the country, and so many Liberals were shelved, Sir James managed—after a close fight—to get returned at the head of the poll. In 1880, when the spirit of Liberalism ran strong in the land, Lambeth ceased to coquette with Toryism, as represented by that indefatigable Queen's Counsel Morgan Howard, returning Sir James at the head of the poll with a majority of 19,315, a larger number than ever voted for any Metropolitan M.P. before.

As a philanthropist Sir James Lawrence has been distinguished all his life. Early he became a member of the Council of the Middle Class School Corporation, founded in order to supply a more enlarged and beneficial system of education to the children of artisans, clerks, and others in similar stations of life, and he rendered essential aid in negotiating for and completing the purchase of a valuable site in Cowper Street, and as Lord Mayor laid the foundation-stone of the new building. He is also one of the most active members of the United Westminster School Corporation. In the year of his Mayoralty he was unanimously elected president of the Royal Hospitals

of Bridewell and Bethlehem. Sir James is J.P. for the cities of London and Westminster, and for the counties of Middlesex and Surrey, and was joint-chairman with the Chairman of the Board of Works for freeing the bridges across the Thames and Lea. Nowhere has Mr. Murphy in his useful work at the Lambeth Baths a more hearty supporter than Sir James, who is sure to be seen and heard on the platform when Mr. Murphy celebrates his opening or closing nights.

But perhaps the noblest act—an act almost, if not entirely, unparalleled in City life—of Sir James's took place some three or four years ago, when he and his brother retired from the building business of Pitfield Wharf, Waterloo Bridge, and Bread Street, City, commenced by their father and carried on successfully by themselves during a long series of years. Generally a man sells his business or disposes of it to a limited liability company on terms more beneficial to himself than to the shareholders. It is to the credit of the Messrs. Lawrence that they did neither the one nor the other, but they made it over bodily to their leading *employés* as a reward for faithful service and as a means of making them as wealthy as themselves. The arrangements were made on the most benevolent terms. No old labourer was to be discharged. Those who were past work were to be

pensioned so as to secure a calm and tranquil old age. The new firm was supplied with capital by the benevolent brothers to the extent of some thirty thousand pounds, and what is rarer and more honourable still—in case of the new firm becoming unfortunate in business the Messrs. Lawrence bound themselves not to put in their claim—not to rank, in fact, as creditors on the estate, till all the houses having business relations with the firm had had their claims settled. We hear a great deal of the grasping character of capitalists and of the hard-heartedness of the employers of labour. We hear too much of this in some quarters. The exceptions do not prove the rule but the contrary, at any rate as far as the leading capitalists and employers of labour in London are concerned. Be that, however, as it may, the act of Sir James and his brother, Alderman W. Lawrence, M.P., is one of the noblest ever recorded, and is an example worthy to be held up to the nation at large. Nothing nobler could have been done by the Brothers Cheeryble themselves. Theirs was the generosity of fancy, that of the Messrs. Lawrence of solid fact.

I think I remember to have read in one of Fanny Kemble's letters that a distinguished American wrote to her that Dissenters were despised in England, with the exception of the Unitarians. I much question

the remark, but that Unitarians are eminently respectable no one can have a doubt. Of that highly respectable body Sir James is a distinguished member, and that beautiful chapel of theirs in High Street, Islington, owes much to his liberality. On the occasion of their annual meetings in May Sir James generally takes an active part; and I remember well the zeal with which he protested against Parker's name being enrolled on the list of their standard publications. For many years he has been a trustee of Dr. Williams's Library, and a member of the Presbyterian Board. His early training—he was born in 1820—was under two well-known clergymen of that denomination, one of them, the Rev. John Scott Porter, being the father of the present Attorney-General for Ireland. After leaving them Sir James became a student in University College, Gower Street, thence leaving for the greater university of the world, where he has played his part, to his own credit, to the satisfaction of his friends, and, it is to be trusted, to the benefit of the community in general, and of the City of London in particular.

ALDERMAN W. LAWRENCE, M.P.

It is to be questioned whether in the range of famous citizenship in our day we have a family more distinguished than that of the Lawrences. The original Lawrence was born in 1789 in Cornwall. At an early age he came to London in search of fortune, and commenced business at Hoxton in the building line. Two years after he opened an additional place of business in Bread Street, Cheapside. His punctuality to engagements and integrity in all transactions were generally remarked, and, as was to be expected, the business of W. Lawrence and Sons, of Pitfield Wharf, Waterloo Bridge, and Bread Street, City, gradually increased. Mr. W. Lawrence was a Reformer. To be such in the City at that time was held to be a matter of reproach. Judicious friends in vain recommended him a more time-serving course; but he fought on in Bread Street Ward till he became its leader, amidst the admiration alike for his manly

Liberalism of friends and foes. In the battle which routed the placemen and pensioners and borough-mongers of his day he took a leading part, and on three occasions attended in the levées of his Sovereign, William the Fourth, and read to the King addresses passed at public meetings in which the wishes of the people were fully but respectfully stated.

In the election of M.P.'s for the City and the Tower Hamlets, Mr. Lawrence was especially active, elections in those days being far more rough and riotous than they are at present; and the power of public speaking which he possessed in an eminent degree rendered his services always in request to fill the chair at a public meeting, or to propose and second the nomination of a candidate.

When the Exchange was consumed by fire he was appointed one of the Gresham Committee, to which was entrusted the selection of the plans and arrangements for building the new Exchange; in 1848 he was elected Alderman of Bread Street Ward; became Sheriff of London and Middlesex; boldly had a minister of his own denomination as chaplain; and was placed by the Lord Lieutenant in the Commission of the Peace for the county.

As governor of Emanuel Hospital, he paid great attention to the schools connected with that charity

and to the estates by which it is supported. As Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Legal and Commercial Insurance Company, his services were highly appreciated. In 1857, had his life been spared, he would have filled the high position of Lord Mayor of London.

Perhaps it is still more to his credit to record that as one of the Guardians of the Poor in the large parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, he was enabled by personal interviews with the Poor Law Commissioners to effect some mitigation of the harsh clauses which undoubtedly disfigured the first Poor Law Amendment Act. As an indication of the esteem in which he was held by the Fishmongers, it may be said that they offered him the loan of their hall on the occasion of the dinner to the Sheriffs, a dinner generally held in a tavern.

It is the privilege of the wise parent to see his private and public virtues reproduced in his children. They follow in his steps. They carry on the work he began, perhaps on a still grander scale. This remark is emphatically true of Mr. Alderman William Lawrence, M.P., who, born in 1818, was elected by the Ward to fill the post of Alderman so long and honourably held by his father—and who has had to do, what his father never could have anticipated would have been the case, champion Liberalism in

the day of the City defection from the good old cause.

At the last City election but one the worthy Alderman was left out in the cold, and at the last election he only gained the seat as the representative of City Liberalism by the action of the minority clauses. What a falling off was that from the times when a reforming City returned all Liberals at the head of the poll, and was proud to be in the van in the army of progress! But the office the Alderman thus fills is one of real work. When Liberal members for the City were in a majority, there could be amongst them more or less of co-operation, and they could fulfil the apostolic injunction of bearing one another's burdens. Now there is but one Liberal M.P., and all the burden as well as the honours are laid upon him. The latter may be considered light—though far be it from me to endorse such an opinion; but as to the weight of the former, impossible as it may be strictly to define it, it involves an amount of labour of which outsiders can have little idea.

I am not about to repeat the usual declamatory rigmarole as to London being the emporium of commerce, the centre of civilization, the great Babylon of the modern world, and so on. The truth is, all the world is more or less interested in London, and a

City M.P. has to think of his constituents making fortunes or losing them in all parts of the habitable globe. The very fact that Parliament meets in such a great centre of trade and commerce and speculation as London, imposes on the heads of City M.P.'s a peculiar burden. Independently of that burden borne by Conservative and Liberal M.P.'s alike, for business knows nothing of politics, a City Liberal M.P. has peculiar difficulties in finding time to do for his party what the Conservatives have three members to do for theirs. His case consequently is one of peculiar hardship, and his burden is one heavy to be borne. That Mr. W. Lawrence is equal to it is, however, an admitted fact, and his Parliamentary record shows that he has succeeded in carrying fiscal reforms none the less injurious because they do not affect the entire community, but only particular classes. It was in 1865 that he commenced his Parliamentary career as M.P. for the City. He was singular in being elected the same year as his brother.

There is a good deal that is unique in the history of these distinguished citizens. It is almost unparalleled in civic annals—the fact of a father and two sons holding the high position of Sheriffs of London and Middlesex within so short a time of each other. The father, as I have stated, was Sheriff in 1849; in 1857, his son, the subject of

this sketch, held that office; and in 1862 it was held, as I have already stated, by Sir James Clarke Lawrence.

In another respect the brothers also resemble each other. They have neither of them ever become connected with public companies. Few families have been more united. The brothers live together in Brighton and London, and always support one another. When their father was on his death-bed this was a great satisfaction to him. A few days before his death, when bidding farewell to one of his oldest friends, he expressed how much he was comforted by the reflection that he was leaving a united family. The family, it may be mentioned here, have an honourable tradition, which they fondly cherish as a crown of glory. It is that in the old town of St. Ives, where at one time in the course of a Parliamentary election a good deal of money changed hands, there was *one man* who never took a bribe.

He was a Lawrence—the great-grandfather of our present famous citizen.

It is interesting to note the fact that, like John Milton, Mr. William Lawrence was born in Bread Street. He, happily, has lived in more fortunate times than the Puritan bard, and has received honours of which the poet never dreamed. The Ward of Bread Street never made Milton Alderman,

nor did they elect him as M.P. for the City. Mr. William Lawrence, however, they placed at the head of the poll, above the Rothschilds and the Liberal bankers, thus showing that for once a prophet was honoured in his own country.

Lord Mayor in 1863, Mr. William Lawrence was also peculiarly fortunate in having to receive the great Liberator of Italy, the illustrious Garibaldi, at the Mansion House. The sight was unparalleled, even in the City. All London turned out to meet the hero, and never was the Mansion House surrounded by such a crowd before. The services of a thousand police—happily not required—were secured for the occasion. The last official act of his Mayoralty was driving in state over Southwark Bridge and declaring it free from toll. In the House of Commons there are few men more useful in their way. Of course it is easy to ask sensational questions and to give sensational notices. Our City M.P. is, however, above that kind of thing. His aim is real usefulness, and for that he is fitted by his industry, his knowledge of details, his perseverance, and, last and not least, by his mode of speaking, which is distinctly audible in all parts of the House. "Are you aware," said the late Speaker to the Alderman on one occasion, "that you have one of the best voices in the House of

Commons?" A fluent speaker he must be, as he speaks on financial questions—questions which are rarely interesting or intelligible to a large class, and has in this way compelled Governments to listen to his words, however reluctant to do so, and do his bidding.

One subject to which Sir James paid especial attention was the inhabited house duty, to the injustice of the incidence of which he repeatedly had to call the attention of the House. Nor was this all: he had to have repeated interviews with the heads of the Board of Inland Revenue, pointing out that, as the Act was worked, a coffee-house paid ninepence in the pound, a public-house or tavern sixpence, and that suites of offices or chambers occupied by public companies, with but a caretaker sleeping on the premises, really paid nothing. To make matters worse, it appeared that if a solicitor owned one room in such a building then the whole set of rooms were charged with the house tax. This state of things seemed incredible. Mr. Lawrence worked at the remedy till Government gave way, the anomalies were removed, and a great injustice remedied.

Once upon a time the late Abraham Lincoln is said to have described his action as pegging away. For that sort of thing there is no equal in the House of Commons to Mr. Alderman Lawrence.

In 1866 he brought to the notice of the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Gladstone) the questions of the mileage duty and the hackney-carriage duty, repeating this in 1867, when Mr. D'Israeli was Chancellor of the Exchequer.

In 1868, March 24, he made a speech ("Hansard," vol. 191, folios 187, 8, 9, 90, 91, 2, 3, 4, etc.) (Mr. Hunt being Chancellor of the Exchequer) entering thoroughly into the question of the post-horse duties and hackney-carriage duties and mileage duties, showing their unfairness, inequalities, etc., suggesting that they and the assessed taxes should be abolished, and instead thereof certain duties should be levied as licence duties, payable at the commencement of the year as the then dog duties.

The taxes on cabs were then enormous (only levied in London). Licence duty on each cab £1 per annum, and 1s. per day duty; or £19 5s. each cab yearly; if working only six days a week, £16 13s. yearly.

Post-horse duty on a one-horse fly paid £5 per annum, payable quarterly in advance; if the owner drove his own family to church on Sunday, or out into the country, the Excise demanded from him the assessed tax of £3 10s. in addition.

The cab-owners had to pay their tax monthly at Somerset House; on certain days they crowded the

place, and on an average it cost them 2s. 6d. each time to pay the tax.

It is rarely that any M.P. has the good fortune to obtain the remission of any tax; but when Mr. R. Lowe became Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his first Budget speech on April 8, 1869 ("Hansard," vol. 195, pp. 395–6), he not only availed himself of all Mr. Lawrence's suggestions as to the abolition of the present hackney-carriage duties, the post-horse duties, and the assessed taxes, and the substitution of very moderate licence duties, payable in advance at the commencement of the year, as with the dog duties, but he amplified them so as to include the payment in advance at the commencement of the year of the property tax, the house tax, and the land tax, by which he obtained a half-year's tax extra in the financial year, which gave him a surplus between three and four millions, enabled him to take a 1d. off property tax, abolish duty 1s. on corn, £1,000,000, and take off insurance duty, £1,000,000. Mr. Lawrence's speech on the subject was really a celebrated one. It occupied nearly three hours in delivery, and as *The Times* described it, it was delivered without hesitation and without halting for a single word. The speech was shortened, owing to the fact that an M.P., who sat near, walked off with the orator's glass of water. Another of Mr.

Lawrence's successful efforts was his speech on the ill-advised proceedings of the Government in parting with the Crown rights in Epping Forest. In the next Session of Parliament he has given notice of a motion which will particularly affect the great nobles living in princely mansions of almost incalculable value—such as Hatfield and Blenheim and Chatsworth—and yet paying little or nothing to the State. It is hard that there should be one scale of taxation for the landlord and another for the man who has made his money in trade. Harder still is it to see why the latter should be more heavily taxed than the former.

Mr. Alderman Lawrence was also the first to lift up his voice in the House of Commons against Mr. Bruce's proposal to deal with the Licensing Laws, which consisted simply in taking away the licence from the houses at the end of ten years without any compensation to the owners. Altogether Mr. Lawrence occupies a goodly place in "Hansard." It is true that "Hansard" is not a lively publication, but "Hansard" is the great Parliamentary authority nevertheless, and his speeches recorded there abound in facts valuable to all who would study the particular question. It must be owned that while Mr. Lawrence may be regarded as the champion of the City Guilds and Companies, he has never knowingly

defended or even palliated an abuse of their rights. It may also be said that although a thorough Liberal, he is always ready to denounce injustice from whatever quarter it comes; and as the fact is, it is sometimes on the Liberal side that injustice comes, he does not maintain in the House the reputation of being a mere party man, although always true to the Liberal cause. It is needless to add that Mr. Lawrence belongs to the Reform, the City Liberal, and the Devonshire Clubs. It may also be said that he is a member of the Fishmongers' and the Carpenters' Companies, and that he was for some years an active member of the Metropolitan Board of Works. Perhaps his crowning glory was achieved in the Parliamentary Session of 1883, where one night he had the honour of filling the office of chairman of committees.

Need I describe the personal appearance of the Alderman? It is that of a man of activity and intelligence. Look at him in the lobby of the House of Commons, and you will see, gray-haired as he is, how well he realizes the line that

> Old age hath yet its honour and its toil.

I fancy he looks younger than he really is. Physically and mentally, he appears in a prosperous condition, and you see that, as you watch the smile with

which he greets a friend, or indulges in the pleasantries of the place or hour, London has no occasion to be ashamed of her Liberal representative. He is a man of business, and he goes into the House of Commons to talk of business. Men who do that can never fail, and perhaps the less they are known to the outside world the more they are appreciated inside the House. Smiling and genial, you ask yourself, is it because he is a bachelor that he wears so well?

Married men, steeped in connubial bliss, will of course regard the query as one not to be entertained for a moment. Nevertheless, as I have looked at him at a public banquet, like that of the Fishmongers', for instance, where they pride themselves on their good Rhine wine, there has come to me the old rhyme:

> The Pope he leads a happy life:
> He knows no care of wedded strife,
> He drinks the best of Rhenish wine:
> I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

Mr. Alderman Lawrence will early next session call the attention of the House to the inhabited house duty, and move: "That, as the Legislature has removed all restrictions upon the food and clothing of the people, and has provided education for their children, Parliament ought to remove all restrictions upon the building of healthy homes for the working

classes; and that as the house duty limits the size of houses and cramps the construction of houses and blocks of buildings specially adapted for the working classes, and causes a large amount of availabe habitable accommodation to be unused, and as the tax is unfairly and unequally assessed, it ought to be repealed."

SIR JOHN WHITTAKER ELLIS, BART.

Once a year one London citizen, at any rate, rises up from his virtuous couch in the sad consciousness that all is vanity of vanities, as the preacher said long before London was thought of, thousands of years ago. Of course I refer to that day, illustrious in civic annals, when the Lord Mayor lays down his robes of office, puts off his cap of state, departs from the Mansion House—possibly in a four-wheeler, instead of his state coach—and retires to the bosom of his family, there to recall the grateful memory of departed glories; of banquets of which he was the hero; of stately processions in which he occupied a distinguished place; of brave men and fair women, renowned by birth or breeding, or talent, or exploits, who in answer to his call had assembled at the Mansion House, and had partaken of the generous hospitality for which that ancient building has ever been distinguished. Look at him and contrast the

change. Yesterday he had his trumpeter and his swordbearer and his macebearer, and his marshal all in red to clear the way, while his liveried footmen were the delight and wonder of a million eyes, more especially of the young and rising generation. He was gorgeously trimmed with lace and fur. If on his manly breast he did not wear a sparkling cross which, in the language of the poet, "Jews might kiss and infidels adore," yet the amount of bullion in his golden chain of office was such as to make the eyes of many a beholder to sparkle. To-day you can scarce tell him from his butler as he is jostled in the streets by the very men who but yesterday were the loudest to cheer him as he drove along.

Ah! it is a fine thing to be a Lord Mayor of London. The happy individual that fills the post may be said truly to realise that of which we often hear in oratory—the proudest moment of my life. But to lay down that office and sink gracefully into common life—ah! there's the rub. It is not every Lord Mayor who is equal to that task. It is not every Lord Mayor who fails to recognise the fact, patent to not a few of them, how good it were for himself and his fellow-citizens that the office with which he is invested should be for life rather than for a fleeting year. It is not every one who has been a Lord Mayor who can resume the light heart and

smiling face of the years previous to his achievement of that high honour. But there are some men who can, and on all sides it must be admitted that Sir John Whittaker Ellis is a case in point.

Sir John Whittaker Ellis is the son of the late Mr. Joseph Ellis, of Richmond, and was born in that pleasant suburban retreat in 1829. He was educated there under the care of the Rev. William Allan, under whose excellent tuition he made satisfactory progress, always having an inclination for plans, drawings, and other work congenial to his future profession. At the age of fifteen he was articled to the firm of Messrs. Musgrove and Gadsden, of Old Broad Street—the chief partner, Sir John Musgrove, having been Lord Mayor of London in the Great Exhibition year of 1851. In 1854, Sir John Whittaker Ellis himself became a partner in the firm, being at the same time the sole partner in the firm of Farebrother, Ellis, and Co.

The year 1864 was a memorable one for the subject of this sketch. In that year he became a Common Councilman, and in that year he went professionally to Ireland, where he remained some months, gaining considerable knowledge of the Irish character, and making himself familiar with the geography and topography of the country—a fact which accounts for his subsequently being selected as

successor to Sir Sidney Waterlow as Governor of the Irish Society. Lord Valentia, it seems, was desirous of selling his Irish estates, and it appears, in consequence of the professional advice and assistance of Mr. Ellis—as he then was—the estates realised a sum very largely in excess of that which they otherwise would have done. Auctioneers and estate agents in a large way of business are concerned with the sale or valuation of many interesting sites, and especially has this been the case as far as the subject of this sketch is concerned. There is no living professional man who has more members of the aristocracy amongst his clients; and could the tin boxes over which he keeps watch and ward in his business offices be permitted to speak, they could tell undoubtedly strange things. There is a cupboard with a skeleton inside in most of our great houses.

Perhaps it is in consequence of this connection with the aristocracy that the worthy Alderman exhibited in the earlier days of his Mayoralty a zealous conservatism, rather alarming, but which subsequent events evinced to be perfectly harmless, and quite consistent with the traditions of the dignified office he held. I remember on one occasion being particularly pleased with his geniality and freedom from sectarian and partisan spirit, and that was on the occasion of the opening of a Free

Museum in Bethnal Green, in connection with the building known as the head-quarters of the Christian Community, a community of Christian workers, originally established by the Rev. John Wesley to visit the sick and the afflicted in the workhouses and other poor quarters of the Metropolis. The principal speaker at that meeting was the Rev. De Kewer Williams, a Congregational minister at Hackney, and the Lord Mayor's admiration of his speech and his interest and delight in the proceedings of the evening were of the heartiest character.

In one respect it must be admitted Sir Whittaker Ellis as Lord Mayor disappointed some of his friends. Following the example set by Sir W. McArthur, he threw open the Mansion House to Lord Shaftesbury and the friends and supporters of the London City Mission. They were a little disappointed at finding after the meeting was over only tea and coffee and a few biscuits; but that was not the fault of Sir John Whittaker Ellis, who was willing to be as hospitable as his predecessor had been, and who was quite unaware of the efforts Sir W. McArthur had made by entertaining his friends, male and female, of the City Mission.

But Sir John Whittaker Ellis, like all the rest of the Aldermen, had to serve his time before he became Lord Mayor. On the retirement of Sir John

Musgrove, he received an address signed by nearly 800 inhabitants of the Broad Street Ward, soliciting him to come forward as a candidate for the vacant gown, to which in 1872 he was unanimously elected. In Broad Street Ward he was specially honoured, not only as Common Councilman, but as the author of a considerable Metropolitan improvement. It may be mentioned that the range of handsome and commodious buildings, extending from No. 18, Old Broad Street to Threadneedle Street, were planned and executed by him. It is understood that the speculation was an exceedingly profitable one, creditable alike to the worthy Alderman's sagacity and enterprise.

In 1874–75 Alderman Ellis served the office of Sheriff of London, and accompanied Lord Mayor Stone on the occasion of his state visit to Paris. The civic party took with them their horses, carriages, servants, and the whole paraphernalia of City state. Paris was delighted, and fêted them to the utmost of its power. They were entertained at dinner by the Prefect of the Seine, also by the Paris Chamber of Commerce, and by the French Marshal in the Elysée. The French newspapers, whether of the Right, or the Left, or the Centre, were enthusiastic, and thoroughly appreciated their distinguished guests. On the minds of most of the party the visit left a very agreeable impression. It was especially so in

the case of Alderman Ellis, who was delighted with the reception he and his friends received. According to him the *entente cordiale* between England and France was of the most permanent character. It is to be hoped so; it is to their mutual advantage that they should be friends.

In 1872 Alderman Ellis was made a member of the Court of the Merchant Taylors' Company—a Company where politically he finds congenial society. As a diner-out he seems as much in request as when he was Lord Mayor. I presume this is on account of his genial nature, which always seems to fit him for any society and for any work. Nor does he look as if dining out did him much harm. Of medium height, of stoutish build, dark-eyed and dark-haired, he looks as if he might live many a year to perform civic duties and to be a welcome guest at City dinners. It may be that his rural tastes have helped to preserve the freshness of face and manner by which the worthy Alderman is distinguished. In his pleasant country house in Byfleet, which he built for himself, and in dispensing the hospitalities of which, assisted by Lady Ellis, he is seen perhaps to the best advantage, he has a garden of twenty-five acres, in which he takes immense delight, and of which he is justly proud. No one in that part of the world has a garden to be at all compared with his, and there,

far from London smoke, cultivating his fruits and flowers, Sir John has an occupation which is its own reward, and which certainly tends to longevity and health.

Like many of the leading members of the Corporation, the Alderman has no family—the care of which might probably detract from his devotion to City duties. Of his business qualifications it is needless to speak—he has been Chairman of the Alliance Bank—the position of his firm is the best evidence of that. Most of the aristocracy and leading landowners of the country have more or less relations of a business character with Lancaster Place. The sale of such great concerns as the Plymouth Iron Works in South Wales may be taken, however, as an illustration of the fact that Sir Whittaker Ellis—Conservative as he is—and devoted to Church and State, is quite ready to do the best he can for traders as well as landlords.

As Lord Mayor, at starting Sir John Whittaker Ellis, as I have said, rather excited apprehensions in political circles of an extremely Liberal character. It was feared that he would forget—which, however, he did not—the sacred neutrality which is supposed to be displayed in the Mansion House at all times, and to be the cardinal virtue of the Lord Mayor for the time being.

At the beginning of his Mayoralty Sir John Ellis endeavoured to obtain from Mr. Gladstone, at the customary banquet in the Guildhall, an intimation as to the intentions of the Government with regard to the City, a hint which, however, the Premier was careful not to take. All the comfort vouchsafed was the remark that, as there had been Lord Mayors for five hundred years past, so it was to be hoped that there would be Lord Mayors for five hundred years to come. It ought to be remembered that Sir John was the first Lord Mayor formally presented to the Judges of the Queen's Bench, in consequence of the abolition of the office of the Lord Chief Baron, before whom it had been usual to swear in the new Lord Mayor. One of the first acts of Sir John was to take under his patronage the Fund for the Relief of Irish Ladies in Distress, for which he raised £20,000, and through his instrumentality the Property Defence Association was enabled to withstand at the most critical moment the lawless and rapacious conspiracy sustained by foreign subsidies in Ireland. Another work to which he lent his name was the collection of a fund for the relief of the persecuted Jews in Russia, which exceeded £100,000. In his year of office also the new market at Leadenhall was opened. He had the honour of entertaining H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught and H.S.H. Prince Christian at the

Mansion House, to meet the chief merchants and bankers of the City of London in connection with the Royal College of Music; and he was subsequently honoured by the presence of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh at the Mansion House, to meet the Masters of the Livery Companies of the City of London. Having by personal efforts enlisted the sympathy and co-operation of the mayors and provosts of the United Kingdom, he had the honour of entertaining H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at the municipal banquet, on which occasion H.R.H. was graciously pleased to express his acknowledgments to Sir Whittaker Ellis and the mayors and provosts for the interest they had displayed, and the support they had accorded to the Royal College of Music. He was invited to attend a meeting convened by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at St. James's Palace, when in conjunction with the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prime Minister, the leader of the Opposition (Sir Stafford Northcote), and Lord Rosebery, he advocated the claims of the Royal College of Music. At the meeting presided over by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales for the Inauguration of the Grand International Fisheries Exhibition, he spoke in seconding one of the resolutions. On a subsequent occasion H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, H.S.H. the Duke of Teck, and H.R.H. the Princess Mary of Teck, honoured

him with their presence at a banquet at the Mansion House. He was bearer of the Corporation address to the King of Holland, and for that purpose visited the Hague, and the distinction of the Order of the Golden Lion of Nassau was conferred upon him by H.M. the King of the Netherlands. He lent the Emigration for Unemployed Society much assistance. The Queen's visit to Epping Forest led to his receiving the honour of a baronetcy, when, as *The Times* wrote, though he had only been in office six months he had crowded into that short space a number of philanthropic enterprises that might well have been spread over two or three Mayoralties, and would have redeemed them all from the charge of mediocrity. He has deserved success by the openness of his heart and mind, by his great capacity for taking pains, his unfailing courtesy, and skill and tact in dealing with different sorts of men and unexpected situations. Under the Reformed Corporation it is clear that we shall have no better Lord Mayor than Sir John Whittaker Ellis, or a better Lady Mayoress than his lady, who, as the sister of Alderman Staples, may be supposed to have had double qualifications for the graceful discharge of the duties of an exalted rank.

SIR SIDNEY WATERLOW, M.P.

Man, we are told by the philosophers of our day, is the result of the survival of the fittest. Originally we had a very humble origin, as will be made abundantly clear on the discovery of "the missing link." A similar idea, as to the connection between man and the lower order of creation, was entertained ages ago by a certain Greek philosopher known as Theophrastus. Of some men it may be remarked, says the philosopher referred to, that they look like lions, or are the very image of monkeys, or seem as silly as geese, and thus the inference may be drawn—that man, in his civilised and polished state, is more or less true to his origin, ages ago among the brutes of the forest or the field. If we may refer to human forms of speech, the argument is still stronger and the inference more conclusive. There are men who are said to be as hungry as wolves, as savage as bears, as cowardly as curs—with a sense of honour

as impervious as the hide of the rhinoceros. The late Lord Beaconsfield compared Sir James Graham to a boa constrictor which lubricates its victim previous to preparing to swallow it. Gifted and rational Irishmen, the fitting representatives of what Sir Gavan Duffy calls a "generous, unselfish, spiritual race," speak of the men entrusted at this perilous juncture with the administration of Irish affairs as "the foul toads of the Castle."

On all sides then, apparently, there is a unanimous consensus as to the community of man and the inferior types of Creation, of which the existence of the wonderful Miss Atkinson (better known as the Pig-faced Lady), born in Ireland, who had a fortune of £20,000, and who always fed out of a silver trough, and of the family with caudal appendages referred to by the lady of quality whose diaries were edited not long since by Mr. Hayward, may be accepted as undoubted proofs.

Attempting, by the aid of the light thus shed on the origin of the human species, to trace to its small beginning so famous a citizen as Sir Sidney Waterlow, it seems to me that in industry he has not a little of the ant, and that in power of constructiveness he not a little resembles the bee. Nor need he blush for the allusion, since we have Scripture authority for learning industry from the ant, and

even Dr. Watts, "the poet of the sanctuary," as his admirers called him—for he is grown a little out of fashion of late—grew poetical as he wrote of the bee in the construction of its cell and the storage of its wax. A beehive is, in fact, one of Sir Sidney's model lodging-houses.

The subject of this sketch was born at Peckham in the year 1822, and was the youngest son of the late Mr. James Waterlow. I have heard him say that his father thought if boys were to be brought up to business the sooner they were put to it the better. At any rate, at the age of fourteen young Waterlow left the Grammar School at Southwark with a good character, and was apprenticed to Mr. Harrison, Government printer, and acquitted himself so well there that he was placed in charge of the Cabinet Printing Press at the Foreign Office, Downing Street, where he remained until he accepted an engagement under Messrs. Galignani of Paris. In 1844 he joined his father and brothers in the large business they were then conducting in London Wall. In 1845 he married Anna Maria, youngest daughter of Mr. William Hickson, Fairseat, Wrotham, Kent, and that lady dying, he not long since contracted a second matrimonial engagement, this time going as far as America for his wife. By his first wife Sir Sidney has five sons and three daughters.

Sir Sidney Waterlow's civic career commenced in 1855, when he was unanimously elected to the Common Council for the Ward of Bread Street. A special vote of thanks was accorded to him in 1861 by the Corporation of London for devising and establishing the system of over-house telegraphs, and in 1863 he was elected Alderman for the Ward of Langbourn in the room of Mr. Alderman Cubitt. In 1866 he served the office of Sheriff, and in 1872 he became Lord Mayor—an office the duties of which he discharged so efficiently as to win universal applause. One of the prime results of his Mayoralty was the establishment of the Sunday Hospital Fund. It was while he was Lord Mayor that the Shah of Persia paid his visit to England, and was sumptuously received at the Guildhall, which for that night only presented the appearance of an enchanted garden. The supper room of the Shah was a perfect fairyland, and never was a more illustrious assembly of "fair women and brave men" gathered there than when Sir Sidney Waterlow welcomed his distinguished guest.

It was while he was Lord Mayor that Sir Sidney was raised to the Baronetcy. Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister, conveyed Her Majesty's intention in the following words: "I cannot convey to your lordship the tender of this honour without adding

the lively satisfaction I feel in making it to one who, independently of the high office which he holds, has deserved so well of the people of this great Metropolis for his intelligence and indefatigable philanthropy." And the testimony is true.

No longer Lord Mayor, Sir Sidney Waterlow occupies no small share of public respect and regard. As a practical philanthropist Sir Sidney Waterlow may claim to be in the foremost rank—working especially on behalf of the London population, and especially for the benefit of the poor. One of the first wants of the poor of London is undoubtedly decent lodging with pure water. And in this way Sir Sidney has laboured incessantly, both by the press and the platform and in Parliament. In 1863 he originated the Improved Industrial Dwellings Company, Limited, for the purpose of providing decent dwellings for the working class, feeling as all feel that it is impossible for them to lead decent healthy lives so long as they inhabit apartments where no provision is made for their decent accommodation, and where they are crowded together like pigs in a stye. Sir Sidney did not found his company for the mere sake of selling his shares at a premium, or that he might put a little money in his pocket by becoming a director. Before the company was formed he himself had tried the

feasibility of his scheme. In 1862 he erected at his own expense a block of dwellings for the working classes, affording accommodation for eighty families.

Although provided with every accommodation these tenements were let at moderate rents, and produced a good return on the outlay. The idea was to get the workmen to dwell in flats; and, though the idea was new to London, workmen at once saw and availed themselves of the advantages of the plan, and it was not till the success of the scheme was assured that Sir Sidney formed the society of which he is chairman, and which continues its philanthropic course with profit to the investors and with great advantage to the public.

In these buildings, or model lodging-houses as they were called, the longevity of the inmates is improved, and that means more ability to work, and win its fruits, in the shape of wages, that further implies more of comfort and happiness for all the members of the family circle, and a benefit to the community at large. The improved conditions of the house are also, it is manifest, calculated to produce a higher social status. The poor wretches who are driven to our public-houses and gin-palaces often go to them, as it is out of the question for them to have any kind of comfort in the miserable den

down some stinking court or alley which is supposed to serve them for a home, where vice and virtue, honour and shame, dwell side by side. If men and women are lodged worse than beasts, it is Quixotic to expect them to be better.

On the occasion of the public opening of the first block of buildings erected, Sir Sidney took the ground—the undeniable ground—that the reform of the dwelling was at the basis of all other reforms, social, political, moral, and religious. In responding to the toast of his health, proposed by Lord Ebury, he said: "So long as the working classes are compelled to live in close, inconvenient, badly devised, and overcrowded dwellings, it was impossible to make them thoroughly appreciate the great truths of the Bible. He was thoroughly convinced that before the preaching and teaching of ministers of religion could have that effect on the labouring classes which they all looked forward to, the demoralising influences which now surrounded the poor must be removed."

In a very little while circumstances occurred which gave additional cogency to Sir Sidney Waterlow's ideas. The great railway companies set to work pulling down whole streets inhabited by the poor, driving them still closer into their unhealthy lodgings, and making matters infinitely worse as regards the labouring classes than they were before

the wholesale evictions consequent on these clearings, or improvements as they were called, had taken place. In 1872, Sir Sidney addressed a letter on the subject to *The Times*, pointing out the great hardships being thus inflicted on deserving men, too poor and too weak to protect themselves. He did more—when the Artisans' Dwellings Act of Mr. Cross had become law, he was the first to indicate its shortcomings, and that effective criticism on his part resulted in the Bill standing as it now does in a new and better form. Undoubtedly much yet remains to be done. The evils are too great to be remedied in a single day or by a single man; but Sir Sidney has done more perhaps than anyone else to provide the workman of the Metropolis with a fitting home.

A man of Sir Sidney Waterlow's public spirit is bound to get into Parliament. He successfully wooed and won a Scotch constituency, that of Dumfriesshire, long before he was Lord Mayor, under peculiarly flattering circumstances; so much so, indeed, that *The Times* had a leader on the subject; but was unseated on account of a disqualification arising from the fact that he had not properly notified that he had retired from the firm with which he was connected, and which had a contract with Government. Sir Sidney was six months

an M.P. before he was unseated, and regrets now that he did not vote in Parliament, and thus test the question of his disqualification by a legal rather than a Parliamentary tribunal. A little while after he contested Southwark unsuccessfully.

At the general election of 1874, Sir Sidney took his seat with Sir John Lubbock, as M.P. for Maidstone, that borough celebrated as the first to lend itself to the fulfilment of the youthful aspirations for senatorial renown of the late Earl Beaconsfield. Like his colleague, Sir Sidney is a Liberal and a supporter of Mr. Gladstone, with whose ecclesiastical predilections he can have little sympathy, seeing that he had been brought up as a youth under the influence of the far-famed W. Johnson Fox, the eloquent preacher at South Place, Finsbury, of a very advanced Christianity, who at the same time was M.P. for Oldham and the publisher of *The Weekly Dispatch*, the Sunday reading of all the London Radicals thirty or forty years ago. And in the present Parliament we find him the Liberal M.P. for Gravesend. As M.P. Sir Sidney made a speech which gave great offence to his City friends. He had the audacity to lift up his voice on behalf of a reform of the Corporation—that speech rankled in many a City bosom, and led to a serious opposition, which came to a head a

few months back when the question of Sir Sidney's re-election to the office of Governor of the Irish Society came up for discussion. Happily, however, Sir Sidney had a large majority in his favour; I say happily because, according to *The Coleraine Chronicle*, not only has he been the most popular Governor of the Irish Society who has ever visited Coleraine, but that to his thorough energy in attending to the duties of his office and the never-failing courtesy with which he has devoted immediate attention to the numerous matters brought under his cognizance from that locality must be attributed the large measure of the popular goodwill which has been manifested of recent years towards the Court. A good deal of that feeling is manifestly due to the liberal spirit shown by the Society in recent grants towards defraying the cost of the new cemetery and waterworks, to the aid given to the academical institutions of the town, and, above all, by the large and generous gift of £30,000 in aid of the important navigation works now in progress. With all this Sir Sidney had much to do. During the past year the Governor of the Society attended and took the chair at no less than thirty-seven meetings of the Court, very often, as one can well imagine, at no slight sacrifice to himself.

Few of our famous citizens can show a more

active record than Sir Sidney. He is Treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Vice-chairman of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, and took part in the grand banquet at Flushing—the late Prince Henry of Holland in the chair—to celebrate the opening of the new route between Holland and Sheerness. He was juror for Great Britain at both the Philadelphia and Paris Exhibitions, and at the latter was president of one of the sections. In his case virtue has been rewarded, and he has been decorated with numerous honours by the Shah of Persia, the Sultan of Turkey, the King of Italy, and last, but not least, by the President of the French Republic. He was also busily engaged on the City Companies Commission.

At Highgate Sir Sidney built himself so famous a mansion that one can almost forgive him the destruction of the dear old cottage in which the patriot Marvel lived. That at the same time he swept off the house at one time inhabited by Nell Gwynne is, I own, some modification of the offence. He has now planted himself in more fashionable quarters, for, as the poet writes:

> Westward the course of empire takes its way.

And the diligent apprentice is now a man of fashion and of rank, a member of the Reform and City

Liberal Clubs, of the Stationers' Company, and a J.P. for Middlesex, Kent, and Londonderry. Some men utterly collapse after they have been Lord Mayor. It is not so in the case of Sir Sidney, who had made his mark long before he was Lord Mayor, and promises from his healthy appearance, in spite of the fact that his dark hair is becoming tinged with gray, to do the State good service for many a long year to come. He has resigned his Aldermanship, but the loss of that office will have little effect in diminishing Sir Sidney Waterlow's claim to be a famous citizen.

ALDERMAN SIR ANDREW LUSK, M.P.

In 1857 Sir Archibald Alison wrote: "Before leaving London this season we were fortunate enough to be able to accept an invitation to a great dinner given by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. Perhaps there is nothing which more strongly impresses on the mind the magnitude and importance of the City of London than the grandeur of these civic entertainments. The hall of ample size and fine proportions is decorated by statues placed all round, which gives it a classical and refined appearance, while the dinner is always of the sumptuous kind." No one who has been favoured with a ticket for a Mansion House dinner but must have borne a similar testimony. The writer on one occasion was at one of the most gorgeous banquets of the Mansion House—that given to the Elder Brethren of the Trinity—and was seated next a distinguished warrior, who enthusiastically remarked upon the elaborate display of plate, the

grandeur of the dinner, the unrivalled beauty of the spectacle. "Sir William," said I, "don't you think as long as such dinners are given it will be hard to carry a measure of Corporation Reform?" and the answer of the gallant and distinguished baronet implied that he was quite of my way of thinking.

It is hard to think evil of a Corporation that can entertain its guests in such princely style. It seems ungracious to find fault with a system which produces such magnificent results, and in this respect the year of the Mayoralty of Sir Andrew Lusk, Baronet and M.P., was one of exceptional splendour. Civic memory yet loves to linger on the splendours of a year when the statue of Prince Albert on the Viaduct was inaugurated, when the Czar of Russia came into the City, and when, on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh, the Corporation not seeing its way to a banquet, Sir Andrew at his own expense gave a ball in the Guildhall, graced by the presence of the Royal bride and bridegroom, and at which assisted almost all that was noble and distinguished in the land. Never was the proverbial hospitality of the Mansion House more gorgeously displayed than when Sir Andrew Lusk was made Lord Mayor of London. Few Lord Mayors were more popular, none of them have had a more successful or more distinguished career.

It is now some seventy years ago since in a remote part of Scotland Sir Andrew Lusk was born in that part of the North which is famous all the world over as the Land of Burns; his father was a small farmer who had the true Covenanting blood in his veins; one of his ancestors fell at Ayr Moss, a victim to the cruel dragoons of the bloodthirsty Calverhouse; and, true to the noble traditions of his father and his fatherland, Sir Andrew remains a Presbyterian. Writing of Scotland, the acutest of French critics, Taine, says: "To me it seems that the Presbyterian form of Protestantism is the appropriate form here, sad, grandiose, limited in range, excellently fitted for leading man to look inwards, for rendering him inclined to labour, and for making him endure the burden of life." The stern teaching of Presbyterianism has undoubtedly helped to make Sir Andrew the man he is.

Agriculture in the ungenial soil and clime of Scotland has few openings for a lad anxious to push his way in the world. Sir Andrew soon left the parental roof to plant himself in one of the populous districts on the banks of the Clyde. There he made a successful effort to atone for the defects of his early education by attending lectures, joining classes, and sitting up late to study Shakespeare

and Pope, and the writers of the Augustan period of English literature, and to fill his mind with those apt quotations which, in after years, he found gave point and power to his speeches, and aided his success as an after-dinner orator. In this respect Sir Andrew may almost be looked upon as a genius, and many of his quotations were as effective as they were felicitous. Thus, at the banquet after the unveiling of the Albert Memorial, he called upon the illustrious company assembled to drink the memory of the late Prince Consort, simply remarking, "He being dead yet speaketh," a Scriptural quotation not the less effective owing to the fact that many of the company in their heathenish ignorance credited Sir Andrew with an original remark.

On another occasion, in the House of Commons, Sir Andrew gained immense applause by another of his quotations. The discussion had turned on the tax on dogs, and every preceding speaker had endeavoured, under one pretence or another, to claim exemption for some particular class which he more or less affected. Thereupon Sir Andrew, in one of his pithy speeches, exclaimed, "A dog is a dog for a' that," and, amidst the laughter created by his rendering of so well-known a line, the tax was carried and the end was gained.

But I must return to Sir Andrew's earlier days.

On the banks of the Clyde he cultivated the art of writing in newspapers, and with such success as a critic that he found that he had raised up a host of enemies; and, owing to that fact and his desire to push his fortunes on a larger scale, he came to London, about forty years ago, and commenced the business of shipowner and dealer in ship's stores, which he still carries on in Fenchurch Street. At first he had to abandon literature and politics, and devote all his energies to business; but the old spirit remained, and in 1855 he became Common Councilman for the Ward of Aldgate. Winning by his industry and attention to local matters the respect and confidence of his Ward, he became Sheriff in conjunction with the late Mr. James Abbiss, Alderman Cubitt being Lord Mayor. Thus necessitated to attend public meetings, Sir Andrew acquired the art of speechmaking and of effective quotation to such an extent that more than one distinguished personage pressed upon him the propriety of entering Parliament, and in 1865, when Sir Morton Peto announced his intention of retiring from the representation of Finsbury, Sir Arthur made up his mind to become the M.P. for that large and Democratic constituency, and he and his present colleague, Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens, headed the poll by an immense majority. I ought to

have said that in 1863, on the death of Mr. Alderman Humphrey, Sir Andrew Lusk had been elected Alderman for his Ward.

As an M.P. Sir Andrew distinguished himself as a financial reformer, following in the steps of another distinguished Scotchman, Joseph Hume, and perhaps it is to be regretted that in these days of extravagant Government expenditure Sir Andrew's zeal in this respect seems to have been diminished, and that he has lost somewhat of his first love. It may be that age has slackened his zeal; it may be that he feels increasingly the difficulty of getting the House to do anything in the way of saving the national exchequer. Be that as it may, as a poor taxpayer I note the fact with regret, feeling that in this way a financial reformer has before him in Parliament a fine and an unexhausted field. It is true that now the Liberals are in power, and that they are worried enough as they are, nevertheless the need of financial reform, it is admitted on all sides, becomes greater day by day.

Liberal as he is, Sir Andrew has not always followed his party; and it is to be believed that many of his constituents regretted the vote which he gave in support of Mr. Disraeli when the latter conferred upon Her Majesty the title of Empress-Queen. However, on the whole, it must be admitted that

Sir Andrew has given Mr. Gladstone a loyal and hearty support. A great wit was once asked what were the duties of an archdeacon. "To perform archidiaconal duties," was his reply. The answer was correct, but it left the questioner as wise as he was before. If asked what were the duties of a London Alderman, we might give a similar reply. One of the duties of an Alderman is, however, to take the chair at public meetings, and in this respect, at one time, Sir Andrew was especially distinguished.

For instance, in the year 1864 I find he presided at a meeting of the Holloway Ragged School, the Commercial Travellers' Benevolent Society's Dinner, the Surrey Chapel Lectures; Seamen's Mission, Commercial Road; Lectures for Young Men, Church of England Islington Sunday School; St. John's Square, Wesleyan; Aged Pilgrims' Friends' Society; Sunday School, James' Street, St. Luke's; Ragged School, Hoxton; Ragged School, Golden Lane; Sunday School, Leather Lane; Silver Trade Pension Society, Philanthropic Society, Pension for Aged Newsvendors' Association, Exeter Hall Lectures, Christian Young Men's Association; Christian Young Men's Association, Islington Branch; Spa-fields Sunday School, Bermondsey Sunday School, Britannia Fields Sunday School, Working Men's Club, Golden

Lane; Christian Relief Society, Barnsbury Hall; Sermon Lane Ragged School, Kingsland Ragged School, Fatherless Children Asylum Election, Primitive Methodist Annual Meeting. Besides the Alderman acted as steward at twelve hospital festivals, and assisted at various other Ragged and Sunday School meetings. Surely this of itself is a fair amount of public work, to say nothing of the Corporation business, which must more or less occupy a good deal of an Alderman's time.

As a magistrate Sir Andrew only occupies a second place to the indefatigable Sir Robert Carden, and often by his quaint remarks, and the "sweet Doric" of his speech, has not only been witty himself, but has been, like Falstaff, the cause of wit in other men. On one memorable occasion all the noisiest "sawbones" of the Metropolis had been gathered together in the Mansion House Police-court on behalf of a fellow "sawbones," whose conduct—not to put too fine a point on it—had been somewhat disorderly. There was every appearance of a disturbance. Indeed, it was clear the medical students had come there for that very purpose. Sir Andrew was, however, equal to the emergency. "Now, gentlemen," said he, "you must behave yourselves, or out you go!" and accordingly, for a wonder, the young gentlemen in question did behave themselves.

In 1873 the Alderman reached the climax of Corporation life, and became Lord Mayor. I have already referred to some of the events which distinguished his year of office. One of the brilliant entertainments of the year was the banquet to Sir Garnet Wolseley on his return from Ashantee. Another was the dinner to the distinguished representatives of Literature and Art of our own and other lands. Another was the dinner to the International Oriental Congress, when the Mansion House for a time represented another Tower of Babel, at which the illustrious Patti was one of the guests. It was as Lord Mayor that Sir Andrew was made a baronet. It is to be believed that Royalty and Sir Andrew have ever been on friendly terms. At any rate he and Lady Lusk were admitted to a private interview with Her Majesty at Balmoral—an honour enjoyed but by few.

Sir Andrew is a Fishmonger and Spectacle Maker—and has been Chairman of the Alliance Bank and of the General Fire and Life Assurance Company. As Lord Mayor he must also be remembered in connection with the £150,000 raised for the Bengal Famine Fund. Latterly he took a noble mansion near St. Albans, and amused himself by acting with some credit and *éclat* the part of a distinguished agriculturist; but he has now renounced agriculture and centres his affections on

town and town life, yet there still clings to him the buoyant step and breezy air of the man of the mountain—and the Loch. And now his ruddy face makes one forget how long he has been in populous cities pent, and by what efforts and self-denial and perseverance he has had to fight the battle of life, sleeping (so I have heard, though I cannot vouch for the fact) at one time behind a counter, educating himself under immense disadvantages, struggling on with limited capital till he had risen superior to adverse circumstances, and had the world at his feet. It must be remembered, however, that Sir Andrew has had no family to keep, a circumstance which keeps many a brave man always in difficulties. There comes a time, it is true, when one's family has been planted out in life, that they are a help to a man rather than the reverse ; but, as a matter of fact, many a struggling tradesman in these hard times has had to regret that in his better half he has found such an uncommonly fruitful vine. Most of us know the misery of the measles and dentition, when the much-tried and weary paterfamilias is expected to walk up and down the bedroom all night in the hopeless attempt of getting the sweet innocent off to sleep. Then come the schoolmaster's bills and the planting out one's offspring, and many heartaches, perhaps connected with youthful follies, for as the old woman remarked to her minister,

how true she had found the language of the Bible, "Train up a child and away he'll go." Sir Andrew knows nothing of this; and this perhaps is one reason why his step is still so jaunty, his air still so cheery, his seventy years so light a weight, and that, after dining in the house in Sussex Square, you feel what with the laughter and the wine a good ten years younger yourself, and say, like Shakespeare's fat knight, as you walk home, "If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned." Finsbury is to be asked to reject her M.P. at the next election. It is to be hoped that Finsbury will do nothing so absurd. Even a democratic constituency must feel it wrong to discard a faithful friend.

ALDERMAN SIR W. McARTHUR, M.P.

"WHATEVER credit," writes the author of "A Glance at Australia," "may be due to the energy and ability of men who have risen from insignificance in the commercial world to opulence and power, it would be difficult to find an illustration more fully deserving that praise than the London firm of merchants of which Sir W. McArthur and his brother, Mr. Alexander, M.P. for Leicester, are at the head." The Australian history of the firm is rich in instruction and interest. "Nothing," adds the writer already quoted, "short of sincere admiration will be produced in the minds of our readers who peruse the history of McArthur and Co. since its first institution in Sydney up to the present, together with its extensive ramifications throughout the Australian group. 'Virtue is its own reward' is not a mere abstract sentence framed for the purpose of materialising what many practical men place under the category of

utopianisms. But it is a reality of a practical and tangible nature, illustrated in all its truth by the history of those gentlemen whose names constitute the firm which is the subject of the present chapter. Australia is a country whose history is a combination of more facts and fictions within the domain of individual lives than most of the newly-discovered lands that have now taken their place amongst the civilised nations of the world. The stern realities of life develop powers and produce effects that shape the existence and future of talented and enterprising men; which result, in the majority of instances, in ample competency for themselves, oftentimes connected with the realisation of a fair competency for those who are associated with them, additional progress and development of their adopted country, and, in the instance of some, of wealth and honour in their native land." Of this the McArthurs are a singular illustration. Had they remained at home they might never have emerged from obscurity, and certainly would never have gained their present proud position.

In Great Britain it is hard to climb on to the pedestal; in the Colonies the task is easier. Early in life they were not content with a provincial or even a metropolitan connection, and sought out fresh fields and pastures new, and the result is that they have

reaped a rich harvest. · Originally in business with his brother in the historic town of Londonderry, Alexander, then quite a young man, embarked for New South Wales, while his brother William made his way to London, where he speedily took root and flourished. The first undertaking in the Colony was not on a large scale, but by the exercise of integrity and industry the business speedily grew. Branch establishments were planted elsewhere, even as far off as Auckland. The firm was the first to initiate the building of those palatial warehouses suitable to the trade of the Colonies, which now form one of the chief embellishments of Sydney. Their example was soon followed by others, and the result has been, all the world has learnt to wonder at the great national resources of Australia, and to admire the industry and enterprise of its people.

As I have intimated, Sir W. McArthur is of Irish origin. Ireland is a country inhabited by races who do not always pull well together. Once upon a time, when the writer for his sins was spending a short time in Galway, a gentleman said to him, "Look at these people; you would never think that they were living in the same land as the people of the North." Belfast, as my readers are aware, is in the north of Ireland, and the North Irish are, if inclined to be peppery where religion and

politics are concerned, as hard-working and energetic a set of people as are to be found anywhere.

Sir William hails from the North, as he is the elder of the three sons of the late Rev. John McArthur, Wesleyan Minister of Londonderry. His ancestors on the paternal side are Scotch, who settled in Ireland somewhere about the time of the glorious Revolution of 1688. As a Londonderry citizen, Sir William had deserved respect, and filled the office of Alderman with credit to himself and usefully to the town. While there he was one of a deputation that came to London to settle a dispute which had arisen between Londonderry and the Irish Society. Nor was this the only benefit that he conferred upon his native town, as he had much to do with the formation of the fine quays which now adorn the banks of the Foyle and immensely facilitate its business. When he exchanged Londonderry for London, the citizens of all classes, Liberal or Conservatives alike, deplored his removal as a public loss. His civic career in the Metropolis may be said to have commenced in 1867, when he served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex in connection with Mr. Alderman Stone. In proposing him for that office, the late George Moore said: "Mr. McArthur is one of our merchant-princes, a man of great energy of character, and of indomitable perseverance and integrity. He is equally

conspicuous for industry, which is the invariable concomitant of true greatness. He has given a large part of his worldly means in works of charity and mercy; he is, in short, a Christian and a gentleman." In 1872 he was unanimously chosen to represent Coleman Street Ward, where at that time his offices were situated, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Alderman Hale.

As Lord Mayor in 1880 he much distinguished himself by opening the doors of the Mansion House to many worthy people not often invited there, especially in connection with our leading religious societies. Thus the Earl of Shaftesbury attended at what was a most brilliant gathering in connection with the friends and supporters of the London City Mission, of which Sir William was one of the Committee, and on another occasion the venerable Dr. Moffat was invited to a grand banquet held in his honour, attended by the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and the other leaders of the religious world of all sects and denominations. It was to many an occasion to be long remembered. Never was the hospitality of the Mansion House displayed on a more princely scale. Never was a good dinner more innocently enjoyed. Said a gentleman to me on that occasion, "I wish I had had some of your soup." "Why?" I naturally asked. "Because I see you have been

having turtle." "And so have you," said I. "Well," replied my friend, "I thought it was uncommonly good." Incredible as it may seem, the guest had been eating turtle soup unaware of the fact! To the civic mind such ignorance may seem as horrible as incredible. Yet really such was the case.

Another of his grand banquets to be especially noted was that given to a large number of the representatives of the Colonies here in England—a banquet the more creditable as distinguished colonists often complain of the way in which they are left out in the cold as it were, when they happen to pay a visit to the Mother Country, and of neglect on the part of the Colonial authorities at home. It deserves to be mentioned that the Prince of Wales was present on the occasion, and made a speech which was received with enthusiasm in all parts of the land. At the conclusion of Sir William's mayoralty, he was presented by a large and influential number of the colonists with a silver épergne, in recognition of the services he had rendered the Colonies.

Space fails us to speak of Sir William's services in this respect—services for which Her Majesty has very properly conferred on him the rank of a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, which honour he received at the hands of Her Majesty. Had it not been for him, the Gambia,

a magnificent river of 400 miles long, extending into the heart of Africa, would have been ceded to France, and thus for ever lost to British enterprise and commerce. In Ceylon he was the means of getting rid of a gross injustice—an Act which compelled the natives to pay £14,000 a year towards the support of a few members of the Church of England. He has also been much interested in the condition of Natal and Basutoland, and is an active member of the Aborigines Protection Society. It is to him we owe the annexation of the Fiji Islands, now ruled so creditably by Sir Arthur Gordon.

Under these circumstances it was by no means surprising that after the fatigues of the Parliamentary session of 1878 Sir William paid our Australian colonies a visit, and that he was received everywhere amongst them with respect and honour. He was entertained by the Corporation of the citizens of Sydney, by the Corporation of the citizens of Adelaide, and by both Houses of the Legislature of New South Wales, the chairman of which, the Hon. Sir John Hay, made felicitous references to Sir William's civic position and honours at home.

It remains now to speak of Sir William's lengthy and honourable Parliamentary career. First he contested, but without success, Pontefract, where he polled 288 votes against 330 recorded for his Conservative

opponent, Mr. Waterhouse. In 1868 he became M.P. for Lambeth. The artisans of Londonderry had recommended their worthy fellow-townsman, Mr. McArthur, to the working-men of Lambeth as a gentleman of the highest integrity—one who, if elected as their representative to the Imperial Parliament, would be a member in whose promises they might place implicit confidence. In 1872, in consequence of the sudden dissolution of Parliament, Sir William barely retained his seat; but on the last occasion he gained an accession of strength and won a considerable majority over his old opponent, Mr. Morgan Howard. As a member of Parliament he did his constituents good service and helped to carry the Bill to free the Metropolitan Bridges from tolls for ever; and when Mr. Murphy opens or closes his season of lectures and temperance work at the Lambeth Baths, Sir William is almost always sure to be present. When he was Lord Mayor he came there in robes of state, as a compliment to his constituents of the working-classes, which they warmly appreciated. Sir William is a fluent and warm-hearted speaker. It seemed to me that on the occasion of the dinner to Moffat his own speech was by far the best of the evening, and yet there were all our great divines and many of our leading orators there.

In religion Sir William is a consistent Methodist,

and has done much to extend the influence of that denomination by his liberality in pecuniary matters. He was an earnest supporter of Sir Francis Lycett's scheme for building new chapels, and gave liberally his time and his money for that purpose, spending some time in Canada on a begging tour. He and his brother between them gave as much as £3,000 towards the erection of the fine Wesleyan College in Belfast. At the time of the great meeting of the Society in London in May, he gives a China breakfast for the purpose of exciting and sustaining missionary effort in the distant quarters of the globe. It is not long since that he was president for the year of the Sunday School Union, and the Anti-Opium Agitation owes much to his liberality and zeal. He is a member of the Committee of the Bible Society, and also of the Evangelical Alliance. *The Echo* can hardly forgive the worthy Alderman that he has spoken at times respectfully of the House of Lords, but fortunately neither in Lambeth nor the City are we all Liberals of *The Echo* sort. The friends of Mr. Bradlaugh also find fault with him for his Parliamentary votes.

The new knight is a Deputy-Lieutenant for the City of London, a magistrate for the county of Surrey—his residence was at Brixton, it is now Holland Park—a Fellow of the Royal Geographical

Society, and a member of the City Reform and City Liberal Club and the Reform Club. He is a member of the Spectacle Makers' Company. He is also a director of the City Bank, a director of the Australian Telegraph Company, and Chairman of the Star Life Assurance Company; also he is treasurer of the Surrey Dispensary. In his case we are glad to find that he is an exception to the general rule—that a prophet has no honour in his own country. When, some years ago, he revisited Derry in his capacity as member of the deputation of the London Irish Society, he was entertained at a banquet by the inhabitants, at which the heads of all parties in politics and religion were well represented. A good deal of this success is due entirely to the *bonhomie* of the worthy Alderman. I do not believe there is a more amiable man in the City of London. For high or low, rich or poor, friend or foe, he has always a pleasant smile and a kindly word, and yet he has a dark shadow in his home. As all the world knows, the state of Lady McArthur's health utterly unfitted her to take part in public life, and the duties of Lady Mayoress devolved upon and were efficiently performed by the wife of his brother, the Leicester M.P.

It says much for the Alderman and much for the good sense of the citizens of London that, coming

here a stranger, without a friend, unknown to everyone, Sir William should in so short a time have become a famous citizen. It is to be hoped that he may long remain so—and there is every appearance of that, for he is a hale and hearty man for his years.

MR. ALDERMAN FINNIS.

A HUNDRED years ago Mr. Wellbore Ellis accepted the American Seals—"a worn-out veteran"—the "Manikin" and the "Grildrig" of Junius. In that distant day, before the Government of the country had become impaired by concessions to the demands of Reformers and Radicals and people who were vulgar enough to believe that England was not meant to be a milch cow for aristocratic families, either Whigs or Tories, but to be administered for the "greatest happiness of the greatest number"—to quote Bentham's famous formula—there was as much bitterness in public life as there is now. But hard words break no bones, and the old age of Wellbore Ellis was a green one.

Lord Camden—we are told in that blundering series of biographies known as Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors"—in 1794, when his spirits were broken by bodily debility, met his old political antagonist, then Lord Mendip, in the

Pump Room at Bath. "I hope," said the courtier to the patriot, "you are well, and in the enjoyment of a happy old age." "Happy!" said Lord Camden, in a fit of temporary despondency, "how can a man be happy who has survived all his passions and all his enjoyments?" "Oh, my dear lord," was the reply, "do not talk so; while God is pleased to enable me to read my Homer in my ordinary hours, and my Bible at my better times, I cannot but be thankful and happy."

It seemed to me the other day as I saw Mr. Alderman Finnis in his beautiful mansion at Wanstead, just beyond the reach of the smoke and noise and dirt of the City, undisturbed at present by the too near approach of the speculative builder, the outside grounds shaded by fine old yew-trees and cedars, not the growth of yesterday, the interior fitted up with every luxury, that the worthy Alderman might use more or less the language of the happy Wellbore Ellis himself. Of course, with the exception of the Homer — that the Alderman leaves to Mr. Gladstone. Unpleasant as the thought of old age is to most of us, and unwelcome as its approach, there is much to admire in a green old age such as that of the subject of this paper, after a life well spent in the discharge of private and public duties. In this respect Mr. Finnis might sit for a model

as you see him dressed, after the old style, in sober black, with a white and almost clerical choker round his neck. With his fresh colour and friendly smile you would take him to be a good, honest rector in a happy spot, where the Dissenters were few and the tithes many—where the air was fine and the sport was good—to whom *The Church Times* and *The Rock* and *The Record* and *The Guardian* were alike unknown—on whom that curse of all churches, the *odium theologicum*, had never cast its baneful influence; rather than an Alderman of Tower Ward —one who passed the chair a quarter of a century ago, and who, like John Gilpin, is still a London citizen

Of credit and renown.

At the same time keeping himself as much as possible in retirement—resting on his oars, as it were—an indulgence well earned by the labours of his life.

Heine used to boast that he was to be ranked among the first men of the century, seeing that 1800 was the date of his birth. As Mr. Alderman Finnis was not born till 1801, he cannot exactly claim the honour which poor Heine was so ready to claim for himself; he is a native of Hythe, in Kent, and early exchanged its fine sea and bracing air for the smoke and fog of London. At that time all that part of England was always expecting a French Invasion, and we may well

imagine the anti-Gallican feeling of the Alderman's early youth, and as a lad he could see how the wise Government was prepared to defend his native land. For instance, Wilberforce wrote when passing his summer not a hundred miles from Hythe about the time when our Alderman was a happy schoolboy: "About a mile from us begins a canal which was formed when the alarm concerning invasion was the most generally prevalent. It runs parallel with the shore about twenty-five miles, but I never yet talked with any military man who conceived that it would oppose any serious obstacle to an enemy, who, besides the ease with which it might be crossed by portable bridges, might tap it without difficulty. Certainly, its merits are far too deep to be discerned by unmilitary eyes. Seriously, I am told that two millions sterling have been spent in fortifying this part of the coast." As he and Mrs. Wilberforce contemplated the canal and the Martello towers—in which he is assured "the first cannon shot would beat a hole, and the centre being broken down or weakened, the twenty-four-pounder would fall through with its own weight, and bury itself in the ruins," Wilberforce made up his mind that the whole affair had been conducted in accordance with Swift's advice to servants—to form the best judgment they could of their master's fortune, and then spend as much as they could for his honour.

Hythe was, when the Alderman was born into it, completely at the devotion of the Treasury, which, when Oldfield wrote his History of Parliaments, was managed by Mr. Robert Tournay, a local attorney, and the chances were for a Hythe lad that he would get a place in the Customs or Excise, or other department of the State, and live ever after on the fat of the land at the expense of the nation. Our future Alderman was of a different way of thinking. Perhaps he had seen too much of the way in which the money of the nation was muddled away. Perhaps he felt that London was a better sphere for a lad of intelligence and activity. Be that as it may, he came to London when he was but fourteen years old. At that time lads were taken from school sooner than they are now. People nowadays think it better to keep their children at school till they are well on to manhood and able to cram for a competitive examination. Perhaps young Finnis was all the better for thus being planted out in the world. It is a fact that he was apprenticed to a business, at 79, Great Tower Street, when he was fourteen, and it is to his credit that he remained there until he retired from mercantile pursuits, though many of his fellow-apprentices must have been passed by the Alderman in the race for wealth.

"Don't be hard upon me," said a poor prisoner at the bar to Alderman Curtis, "I remember how we

used to stand side by side with our porters' knots in Mincing Lane."

"Yes," said the Alderman, "and if I'd been a fool like you I should have been standing there still."

Mr. Alderman Finnis must often have had to make a remark somewhat similar. A City magnate, whether magistrate or not, must see a good deal of the ups and downs of life.

Thomas Quested Finnis, senior Alderman of the City of London, was elected member of the Common Council by the Ward of Tower as far back as 1832. After serving the office of Deputy he was elected Alderman for the same Ward in 1848, and appointed Sheriff of London and Middlesex the same year. In 1856 he rose to be Lord Mayor of London, and his Mayoralty was by no means an undistinguished one. Not only did he entertain the Crown Prince of Prussia at the Mansion House on the occasion of his being enrolled an honorary Freeman of the City of London, but also, when the terrible Indian Mutiny broke out, and an appeal was made for the relief of the sufferers —the widow, the orphan, and the helpless—it is to the credit of the Lord Mayor for the time being (Alderman Finnis) that he inaugurated the Indian Relief Fund, which resulted in the collection of the magnificent sum of half a million pounds—a fund which still exists, and has been found to render

welcome assistance to many. On the expiration of his year of office the Alderman and his lady were presented with testimonials by the citizens of London of the value of £800, an ample evidence of the honourable way in which he and his lady had discharged the duties of their high position during his long career.

Mr. Alderman Finnis has been chairman of numerous committees connected with the Corporation. At one time he was Deputy-Governor of the Irish Society. He was also many years Treasurer of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy—a fact which may be referred to as an illustration of his sound and active Churchmanship. This reference to philanthropic work reminds me that Mr. Alderman Finnis may claim the title of the children's friend, when those interesting creatures were not made quite so much of as they are now, when not a day in the summer passes but we have children's treats in all parts of London and the country. The fact is, that Mr. Alderman and Mrs. Finnis celebrated Her Majesty's Coronation—who, it is to be trusted, will long be spared to the nation—by entertaining at their mansion at Wanstead all the children of the Tower Ward Schools. This was the commencement of that now universal custom, a children's day in the country, and was continued till the dissolution of the

School in 1878. It must not be forgotten that in this matter the Alderman was materially aided by his lady, as kindly disposed to the children of the Tower Ward as himself.

The City owes much to the energy and perseverance of its son; and in mercantile life Mr. Alderman Finnis may claim to have done good service to the community by opening up new avenues for commercial enterprise, a work which the merchants of London ever gratefully acknowledge, especially in connection with the far distant East. He was the first pioneer of commerce to the port of Bussorah, in the Persian Gulf, in connection with a mercantile house he had been the means of establishing in Bagdad. Since then the port has become so important that from 30,000 to 40,000 tons of shipping touch there annually. It is also interesting to note that on its return the ship, which made this first trip to Bussorah, came back with the celebrated Nineveh sculptures now in the British Museum. Visitors to that popular place of resort will now associate the name of Alderman Finnis with its chief attractions and most valuable additions, at any rate in modern times.

In many ways the worthy Alderman's family may be said to have done the State good service, both in the army and navy. A brother of the Alder-

man was the last man who fell in the American war, Captain Robert Finnis—the eldest of the family, killed at Lake Erie whilst in command of one of His Majesty's ships, the *Queen Charlotte.* His youngest brother, Colonel John Finnis, who fell at the head of his regiment at Meerut, was the first man who became a victim to the Indian Mutiny. As Lord Mayor, Mr. Finnis must then have felt a special interest in the Fund which owed so much to his activity and zeal. It only remains to say that in physique the worthy Alderman looks the picture of the fine old English gentleman,

All of the olden time.

There have been bereavements in the home, but there still is sunshine in the heart. A married niece resides with him, and the evening of his life seems calm. As it is, there must come to him many memories of the past—some sad, some joyous, as Tennyson writes of Ulysses—

The days darken round him, and the years,

and he, the last, goes forth

Companionless alone;

but such is the common lot, and we all of us learn to bow to a Will stronger and a Wisdom wider than

our own. In his old age the Alderman has this consolation—that in the long records of the Corporation few will have a place superior to his own, not for factious criticism and heated partisanship, but for common duties well discharged. It was not a heroic age when Mr. Alderman Finnis was Lord Mayor. At that distant day no one dreamed of Corporation reform. There was none to trouble Israel in that happy time now by some remembered with regret, when the toast everywhere was, "Our Young Queen and our Old Institutions."

ALDERMAN SIR FRANCIS TRUSCOTT.

Once upon a time the writer was on his way to Flushing in one of the fine boats which run there in connection with the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, from Queensborough. We had a beautiful passage and a good many travellers. Amongst these were some ladies with whom the writer managed to scrape up an acquaintance. Of course, they were anxious to know if we had any distinguished people on board. I pointed out a few, but they were foreigners, and their names created little or no curiosity. "But," said I, "we have an Alderman of the City of London on board."

"Oh, indeed! pray where is he?" exclaimed my fair friends, in excited manner.

"There he is," pointing to Sir Francis Truscott, who was standing near us at the time; and I was perfectly astonished at the reverence with which the announcement was received, and at the delight my statement

gave to those evidently simple-minded but worthy people. They had never seen a real live Alderman of the City of London before, and for that distinguished order of mankind had evidently a profound regard. Since then I have heard people speak disrespectfully of Aldermen. It is easy to do so, especially on the part of that large class who hold that to be connected with any Corporation is beneath them, who enjoy civic rights and ignore civic duties and responsibilities, who are always the first to find fault with other people, and the last to come to the front and to do anything worth doing themselves. It is to men of this stamp that we owe it that the burden of public life with us falls so heavily on a few. It is to men of this stamp that the Great Republic across the water—according to the testimony of all observers—owes its chiefest danger. It is impossible to realise the benefits of free institutions and local government if men on the plea of their superior respectability are permitted to ignore the claims the State has on us all as citizens and electors. I rather felt inclined to admire those ladies for their hearty appreciation of a London Alderman as he stood—one of ourselves, as it were—on board that Flushing steamer. Fortunately Sir Francis had not been afflicted with *mal du mer*, and presented a highly creditable appearance.

One volume has been written on the makers of

Florence; to do justice to the makers of London of to-day would require a library. They come from the uttermost ends of the land, and bring with them a vitality and power of work and perseverance scarcely to be found in the native-born inhabitant of the great city. Sir Francis Truscott hails from Cornwall, that land of romance and strong feeling, religious and political. He was born at Truro—a small town which in our day has lent the Church of England an Archbishop—and Truro has every reason to be proud of her distinguished son. Truro, which now has a cathedral for which Sir Francis has subscribed handsomely, is the largest town in the county, is the centre of an important mining district, and is memorable for its Royal Institution, where Sir Humphrey Davy cultivated successfully that science which was to make him a world-wide celebrity. The Cornishmen were the last to stick to the Stuarts, and in Truro is still preserved the letter written by Charles I. thanking the inhabitants of Cornwall "for their great zeal for the defence of our person and the great rights of our Crown." The Truscott family for many generations have been planted there. The father and grandfather of Sir Francis were especially popular in the West of England, and his mother was of the family of Robarts—a family of ancient origin and patrician respectability.

But the Truscotts outgrew Truro, wanted a wider scope, and in 1824, when Sir Francis was born, we find Mr. James Truscott residing in what was then one of the most rural of London suburbs, in Essex Lodge, Upper Norwood. As long as possible young Truscott was kept at school at Norwood. However, he was ultimately sent to King's College, an institution but then recently opened in the Strand, to guard the ingenuous youth of London from the seductive Liberalism which then had its headquarters in Gower Street, a college peculiarly under the influence of that far-famed genius who, according to the popular ditty at that time—

> Built the great machine
> Of the London University,
> And *The Penny Magazine.*

"Train up a child in the way in which he should go"—says the old Book, "and he will not depart from it." At King's College young Truscott was trained to be a Tory and a Churchman, and such he has ever since remained. There is a good deal of obstinacy about a Cornishman. It is hard to move him, and it is little short of a miracle to get him to change his mind. The Cornishmen are amongst some of the stoutest of our champions of Church and State. In the good old times that corner

of the land had its fair share of representatives, to say the least, and the representation was in very select hands indeed.

The number of voters in Truro when Oldfield wrote his work on the "Origin of Parliaments" was twenty-two. The leading Cornishmen must have fared well under such a system, when everyone dipped in the National Lucky Bag, and drew out a prize. It is related by Collins that William Wentworth, of Newbury, "had a cornet's commission in a regiment of dragoons when he was but two years old." Sir Walter Scott tells us: "We know ourselves one fair dame who drew the pay of a captain in the — Dragoons, and was probably not much less fit for the service than some who at that period actually did duty." And it was but the other day the veteran Planché told us of the disappointment his mother experienced upon the announcement made to her by the noble lord, the patron of the family, that all he could secure for her babe was the pension of a retired letter-carrier.

Of course, by leaving Truro and entering into business in the City of London, Mr. Truscott senior got off the line, as it were; and it was quite as well that he did. Pensioners and placemen are not dear to the national heart, and an honourable commercial career in the City of London opens up advantages

rarely to be found in any other sphere. For this reason Sir Francis was put early into his father's business—that of James Truscott and Son, Suffolk Lane, Government and railway contractors for printing and stationery. Sir Francis is out of the business now. He has lately purchased an estate—Oakleigh, East Grinstead, Sussex—and is going in for high farming and similar agricultural pursuits. It is always wise for a man to retire from City life when he can do so; and the business is carried on by his sons, one of whom was returned the other day by an immense majority over his opponent, Mr. G. Mitchell, as Common Councilman for his father's Ward—the Ward of Dowgate—a compliment which there is reason to believe was fully appreciated by father and son. It is but natural that to the son should be extended a little of the confidence won by the father. Sir Francis is a man who is sure to make friends, always ready to oblige; always at the service of his constituents; always ready with a kindly word and a friendly shake of the hand. It is to be regretted that his health is not a little better. A more genial man is not to be found, at any rate, in my opinion, among the Court of Aldermen.

It was in 1872, on the occasion of the National Thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, that Sir Francis Truscott, who was then

Senior Sheriff of the City of London, was knighted and became a public character. I shall never forget that morning when the eyes of the world and his wife rested on Sir Francis as with his versatile colleague —the Cheapside Knight—they waited, where Temple Bar formerly stood, to admit and receive the Royal cavalcade; the witching horsemanship of the one Sheriff as he gaily caracoled along Fleet Street and up Ludgate Hill did not detract from, but rather tended to heighten, the more dignified bearing of the other.

But before that time Sir Francis had been appreciated by his fellow-citizens, to whom he had become endeared by the active and intelligent discharge of corporative duties. His father died in 1858, and Sir Francis was unanimously elected to take his place as representative of Dowgate in the Court of Common Council. Five years afterwards Sir Francis was appointed Chairman of the City Lands Committee, and "Chief Commoner" of the Corporation of London. In that same year also Sir Francis was Chairman of the Committee to receive the Prince and Princess of Wales at the Grand Ball in the Guildhall. Upon the removal of Alderman Sir Robert Carden to Bridge Ward Without upon the death of Alderman Sir Francis Moon, Sir Francis Truscott became Alderman of his Ward. Like another Apostle

—it is to be hoped the resemblance does not end there—Sir Francis has been in labours oft. Until his elevation to the Mayoralty he was the representative of the City of London on the Metropolitan Board of Works. He was Deputy-Governor of the Irish Society —besides, he was Chairman of the Orphan School Committee, and Chairman of the Police Committee. His year of Mayoralty was eminently successful and distinguished—perhaps, not a little owing to Lady Truscott's aid, the daughter of Mr. J. Freeman, of Turnham Green.

One of the distinguishing banquets of that year was that in the Guildhall, on presenting the King of Greece with an address by the Corporation. Athens, it is notorious, is about the dullest and most unattractive capital in Europe. His gracious Majesty, then, is always ready to leave it, and the City of London, glowing with Hellenism, and fresh from the study of Gladstone's Homer, gave him a brilliant reception. As a proof of his acknowledgment of the same the King made Sir Francis Commander of the Order of the Saviour. Nor is this the only foreign dignity conferred upon him. He is Commander of the Belgian Order of Leopold and officer of the Legion of Honour.

In another respect also Sir Francis's year at the Mansion House was a distinguished one. He stands

high in Masonry. He is Junior Grand Warden of England, P.M. of No. 1 Lodge, and Past President Grand of Grand Stewards. What more natural than that the Freemasons should banquet at the Mansion House in Masonic style during his year of office, and that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, as Grand Master of the English branch of the Order, should put in an appearance on the occasion? It was in the October of his Mayoralty that this memorable event occurred.

On the termination of his year of office, Sir Francis was presented with a handsome portrait of his lady by his friends and admirers, as a token of their appreciation of his many excellent services. In the address accompanying it, Sir Francis's career as Lord Mayor was thus summarised:

The judicial duties of the office were discharged by you with the utmost care and impartiality. No charitable institution ever sought your aid in vain, and large sums were received and distributed by you in a manner which gave entire satisfaction to all. Among the most important may be mentioned the Irish Famine Relief Fund, in connection wherewith no less than £35,000 passed through your hands. In respect of the Rowland Hill Memorial Fund the sum of £14,000 was subscribed. After paying for the cost of a public statue to Sir Rowland Hill, erected near the Royal Exchange, a large balance remained, which has been placed in the hands of trustees for the relief and assistance of aged and infirm Post Office *employés*, and of the widows and orphans of that useful body. The munificence and hospitality displayed by you in the City of London was unsurpassed, especially on the occasion of the visit of the King of the Hellenes, accompanied by

the Prince and Princess of Wales. Not only in the City of London, but throughout all England, and even in foreign countries, the prestige of your ancient office was fully sustained and recognised. Your official visits to Brussels, Bournemouth, and Scarborough will long be remembered by the inhabitants thereof.

As a strong Conservative it is not to be wondered at that Sir Francis has made one or two attempts at Parliamentary life. His first was in 1865 when he attempted to oust Mr. Henry Brinsley Sheridan, who has retained the seat in the Liberal interest for Dudley borough since 1857. Hope told a flattering tale; but, alas! hope turned out to be a gay deceiver, and Sir Francis had to retire from the contest with the consciousness that he had done his duty. That he failed where success is impossible, is only too clear when it is remembered that in every subsequent election a similar Conservative attack has been made on what seems Mr. Sheridan's impregnable position, and equally in vain. In his next attempt at Parliamentary honours Sir Francis was defeated by so exceedingly small a majority that the defeat was not quite so easy to be borne. The place was Gravesend, the opposing candidate was Mr. Bevan; the numbers polled were: Bevan, 1,544; Sir Francis Truscott, 1,422. It thus appears 122 votes would have turned the scale, and perhaps had Sir Francis not been encumbered with the responsibilities of

the Mayoralty he might have had more time to prosecute his candidature to a more successful result. As it was, he had to retire from Gravesend a sadder and a wiser man, sustained by the consciousness that in the opinion of *The Globe*, a paper that always strives to keep up the spirits of the party, and is often very thankful for small mercies, it was virtually a victory to the Conservative cause.

In these days, when the enemy is thundering at the City gates, and the triumph cannot, according to all human probability, be long delayed, Sir Francis may claim to have been a model citizen under the old *régime* and according to the old ideas. Perhaps no other civic dignitary has filled so many offices. He has been Master of the Stationers' Company. As Master of the Vintners' Company he had the honour of receiving and entertaining Prince Leopold on the occasion of the presentation to His Royal Highness of the Freedom and Livery of the Company, in 1880. Sir Francis is also Upper Warden of the Court of Haberdashers' Company, he is also a Justice of the Peace for Middlesex, Surrey, and Cornwall, Income Tax Commissioner of the City of London, Commissioner of Land and Assessed Taxes, Commissioner of Lieutenancy, Assessor of Queen Anne's Bounty, and a Commissioner of Sewers of the City of London. Besides—last and not least—he is the chairman of

the committee appointed by the Corporation to watch against the threatened Government attack on the Corporation.

A profound philosopher has remarked that life is not all "beer and baccy." In the same way it may be remarked that aldermanic life is not all turtle and punch, nor the wearing fine gowns, nor riding with barbaric pomp. There is a great deal of real hard work in connection with the office, of which an outsider has no idea. Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott may be taken as an illustration of that fact.

SIR CHARLES WHETHAM.

On the eastern coast of England is a pleasant seaside resort known as Southwold, a place of unimportance in our time, but memorable from the fact that it was there the English, when James II. was Lord High Admiral, beat the Dutch, and won a victory well known to anyone who has ever spent a day in looking at the pictures in Greenwich Hospital. Southwold is a small town—it does not contain much more than 2,000 inhabitants—and as its little harbour is much choked with sand, and the sea makes sad havoc with its beach, the chances are that in due course of time it will be much smaller still. Nevertheless, it rejoices in a Corporation, and a short time since, sad to say, the Town Clerk lost his life by injudiciously bathing directly after a good dinner. In recording the event, the writer of an obituary notice in one of the local journals tells us of the deceased that he was on friendly

terms with all the inhabitants, yet he never lost sight of the dignity of his position. The little characteristic here recorded is applicable to many, but especially to Sir Charles Whetham, of whom it may be said, and certainly with more justice than of the Southwold Town Clerk, that familiar and friendly as he may be with his fellow-citizens, he never loses sight of the dignity of his position as ex-Lord Mayor and Alderman of the City of London. It is printed in his face, you can see it in his whole deportment; it gives an accent to every act he does and every word he utters; it colours all his life and conversation. In this respect, I claim for Sir Charles that he is a model man.

Some two years since Lord Beaconsfield—the ardent admirer of primroses and peacocks—died, and great was the mourning in all parts of the land, and more especially in the ranks of the Conservatives, who seemed to feel that as long as his lordship lived England was safe and secure; that for the Radical within the gates there would be condign punishment soon or late, and that we were sure of peace with honour at home and abroad. A vast crowd was gathered at Hughenden that day from all parts of the land. Lord and lout were there, partly from respect, partly from curiosity, partly, as it seemed to me, as

the day was fine, for the sake of a holiday. The country round was scoured for carriages and omnibuses in order to convey the crowds that were brought down by rail to High Wycombe, and who were desirous as speedily as possible to be conveyed to the village churchyard where were to be placed the remains of the great Conservative chief. The ceremony over, the return to the railway station was a scramble anything but decorous, and seemed almost to partake of the character of a return from the Derby, as bold charioteers dashed in and out among the crowd of humble pedestrians, naturally looking not a little dusty and weary and wayworn. Struggling in that crowd it amused me to watch a familiar figure striding gallantly along, with an umbrella useful as a weapon of defence amd serviceable in case of rain. The figure was not particularly imposing, and the face was that of an old man. As I looked I recognised Sir Charles Whetham. What a lesson, I thought, for a painter or a poet! Yesterday, as it were, Sir Charles was Lord Mayor of London—the giver of banquets graced by Royalty, and statesmen, and ambassadors, and mighty men, and men of war. To-day he is struggling in that dense crowd like any ordinary Jones. There is no one to cry before him, "Make way for the Lord Mayor!" "Such is life," said I to myself, as I

turned sorrowfully away, and lit up a fresh cigar. Thinking the matter over of late, it has seemed to me that in that little incident I saw the man in all his entirety exhibited—that Conservatism which is ever deeply cherished by men of Sir Charles's stamp, and that spirit of independence by which his career has been specially distinguished. The rural Jehus were not above taking an advantage of a man on that memorable day. Sir Charles is not the man to be imposed on, and hence he stepped out along that dusty road with a juvenile agility delightful to behold.

Sir Charles Whetham, Lord Mayor of London in 1879, is the son of the late Mr. Stephen Whetham, of the firm of flax and hemp manufacturers. His native town is Bridport—dear to all admirers of the art of Parliamentary obstruction, as it boasts, as a representative, of that distinguished blocker Mr. Warton, who cleverly manages not only to block bills of other people, but his own as well. Bridport was a town of some importance in the reign of Edward the Confessor, and is mentioned in *Domesday Book*, as having a mint and an ecclesiastical establishment; but since then the town has been little distinguished, having however the honour of conferring the title of Viscount on the family of Hood. Sir Charles was educated

in his native town—perhaps a slight disadvantage —as Bridport has never been particularly noted as a desirable place for the education of the middle and upper classes of the community. As it was, we may presume, the associations of the place would stimulate his young intellect, as he saw in the small harbour of his native town an active trade in timber, hemp, and flax—from Russia and the Baltic, and America, and Norway. On board the ships he would hear strange tales and see strange sights possibly. Then he would recall the past as the town was garrisoned by the Parliament when England's great civil war broke out—and perhaps attempt to realise, with all the fancy of a boy, the surprise felt in 1685, when it was taken possession of by the Duke of Monmouth's troops under Lord Grey, which were afterwards driven out by the royal forces, an event which led to the execution in due time of twelve of the principal insurgents. I should have added that Sir Charles, the second son of his father, was born in May, 1812.

All roads, it was said, in old time led to Rome. In our day we may parody the phrase and say all roads lead to London. It was on one of the roads that did so that young Whetham found himself travelling before he had reached the age of twenty. He succeeded, let us hope, if not to

the extent of his expectations, at any rate to a certain extent. There is now in Gracechurch Street a London house, branch of the Bridport one, and in the same way of business. And of that house Sir Charles is the head. In 1836 he married the only daughter of the late Mr. John Langley, of the Borough, and he is the father of five sons and four daughters. His eldest son, Mr. C. Langley Whetham, is the second partner of the firm in Gracechurch Street.

For many years Sir Charles has been a Justice of the Peace, and he is also Deputy-Lieutenant of the City of London. He is also Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Scottish Australian Investment Company, which is no mushroom creation, but which has been in operation above fifty years, enjoying all the time great prosperity, the result of good management. It now occupies, and has long occupied, an important position in the colony, and its consolidated stock stands at a high premium on the Stock Exchange.

Australia is a pastoral country—that is to say, while its various climates supply almost every product, both of the temperate zones and tropical countries, the settlers who have proceeded to its shores from all parts of the United Kingdom, have mainly devoted themselves to the staple and very useful

pursuit of sheep and cattle raising. To such hardy explorers the Scottish Australian Investment Company has in the course of a long career proved itself a valuable help and guide. It is itself the owner of pastoral property of very considerable extent, and numbers among its possessions, according to statistics lately reproduced by one of our contemporaries, above 1,700 horses, 55,000 head of cattle, and 342,000 sheep, distributed over a large area of the forest and best situated land in the Australian colonies. Nor is this the only great commercial venture in which Sir Charles is interested, and by which it is to be presumed he makes money for himself, and friends, and supporters. He is Chairman of the National Provident Life Office, which has an accumulated fund of over three millions and a half, and a gross annual income of over £400,000. He is also Chairman of that useful line the London and Blackwall Railway.

As a commercial man, it is clear Sir Charles must have enough on his hands without troubling himself with other matters. However, Sir Charles is a man of spirit, and has shown himself to be such. In 1875 he actually made his appearance before the electors of his town as a candidate for Parliamentary honours. But the result was a new illustration of the well-known fact that a prophet has no honour

in his own country. Sir Charles was left in a very bad plight at the bottom of the poll, his opponent, Mr. Ralli—a City merchant—recording 620 votes against Sir Charles's 189. At the next election—to the distress of the young ladies of Bridport, who were all charmed by Mr. Ralli's personal appearance—a Conservative headed the poll; but, alas! not Sir Charles, who seems quietly to have accepted his defeat, and to have made no attempt to get the decision reversed.

Sir Charles's City record commences in 1840, when he became a member of the Livery of the Leathersellers' Company, of which, in 1873, he was chosen Master, having meanwhile served the Company in various capacities. In 1842 he was elected a member of the Court of Common Council for the Ward of Bridge. He subsequently became Deputy of the Ward, and in 1871, on the death of Sir Joseph Causton, he was invited by a requisition of a large majority of the inhabitants of the Ward to assume the Aldermanic gown. He complied with the request, and was unanimously elected.

During the Mayoralty of Sir Andrew Lusk, Sir Charles served the office of the Sheriff of London and Middlesex in conjunction with Sir John Henry Johnson—an office which, owing to Sir Andrew's activity and originality, if I remember aright, entailed

not a little extra work on the Sheriffs. On the occasion of the visit of the Emperor of Russia to the City after the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh, Sir Charles received the honour from Her Majesty of knighthood. As an Alderman, Sir Charles's relations with some of his brethren have, to say the least, not been so happy as could have been desired. That he and Sir Robert Carden were unfortunately at enmity at one time was a fact patent to all the City.

But the action of Sir Charles with regard to the City Stereoscopic Company led to a good deal of unnecessary ridicule being cast on him. Not the most squeamish imagination, one would think, could take harm from a few photographs of Kaffirs and Hottentots. However, Sir Charles was of another way of thinking. Fortunately for science, other Aldermen take a more lenient view, and art and sculpture are permitted to achieve new triumphs and display their charms. Indecency is not to be stopped by a City Alderman, however anxious in his laudable efforts to preserve the morals of our sons and daughters. Nor did the then Lord Mayor gain much by his action in attempting, from the best of motives assuredly, to guard the virtuous and susceptible youth of London against a too liberal display of the seductive charms of Kaffir Venuses. A good deal of excitement, however, was occasioned by his lordship's action, which

in many quarters was emphatically condemned as injudicious, though well meant. Like many of us, Sir Charles had to feel that after all there are certain subjects of which we may not approve, but which it is better, on the whole, to let alone.

Popular with the Court of Common Council, but very unpopular with his fellow-Aldermen, Sir Charles Whetham occupies a peculiar position in the City. The former love him for his independence and originality; the Aldermen, on the contrary, find fault with him that he does not see with their eyes nor hear with their ears. One of his sins was that he stood up for Sir John Bennett's admission to the "Upper House," a course which would have relieved the Court of Aldermen of the necessity of overriding the sentiments and the rights of the Ward of Cheap, and saved the late Alderman Breffit from occupying a singularly unpleasant position. Sir Charles's manner, it must be owned, is not conciliatory; but I have seen him exhibit no little humour and *bonhomie* at the public dinners for which, it is to be hoped, the City of London may ever be famous, and I must confess I vastly enjoyed the chaffing of the worthy Alderman at a dinner in the Cannon Street Hotel, administered to some of the Common Council present —looking forward with hope and fear to the impending St. Thomas's Day. It was a species of fun which

the speaker and his audience seemed immensely to enjoy. The Alderman apparently thinks well of himself, and has been heard to express his opinion that in the series of "Famous Citizens" many have been included vastly inferior to himself. Into the relative merits of the class described I have no desire to enter, the subject being too delicate for an individual so modest as myself.

SIR BENJAMIN PHILLIPS.

"I HAD a nice conversation," writes Herr Von Reaumur in his work on England, translated by Mrs. Austin, "about the state of the Jews in England. He was very glad that a Jew had lately been elected an Alderman of the City of London, which was the first instance. I believe that the indelible character of the Jews, which has been as often a subject of censure as of praise, will vanish sooner than is believed when the legal and civil regulations which draw so strict a line shall be abolished." In our time we have seen Jews not merely Aldermen, but acting efficiently as Lord Mayors and Members of Parliament, but the indelible character of the Jews remains the same.

Without going so far as Lord Beaconsfield, who writes in his "Lord George Bentinck: a Biography": "We hesitate not to say that there is no race in this present, and following in this only the example of

a long period, that so much delights and fascinates and elevates and ennobles Europe as the Jewish," still, it must be owned that in London the gentlemen of the Jewish persuasion hold a position second to none.

I believe, also, it is the same in Paris. I don't know how it is now, but I remember when living in North Germany, at any rate as far back as forty years, it was explained to me, as I trod the grass-grown streets of Lubeck on the one side, and was taken to see the crowds in the busy streets of Hamburg, where the Jewish bankers were the leading citizens of the place, that the reason why Lubeck had declined and Hamburg had flourished and grown great and famous was because Lubeck, in an hour of folly, had driven the Jews outside its walls, and because in Hamburg, on the contrary, they had found alike a shelter and a home. There is something marvellous in the way in which the Jews have prospered, at any rate in London.

"Forty years ago," Mr. Disraeli wrote, somewhere about 1850, "forty years ago, not a longer period than the children of Israel were wandering in the desert, the two most dishonoured races in the world were the Attic and the Hebrew." To-day the children of Israel are amongst the most famous of our citizens.

Such is the cosmopolitan character of the City, and it is on account of that character London still is, whatever may be impending changes, the market-place of the world. Sir Benjamin Phillips may, in this direction, be regarded almost as a martyr. Naturally, as a London citizen, he would bring the commerce of the world up the Thames. One of the recent developments of industrial enterprise is that of the Union Steamship Company, which aims successfully to bridge over the seas which intervene between England and the Cape. In 1857 that company, of which Sir Benjamin Phillips was a long time chairman, had six vessels in its employ, with an average of 500 tons each. For £32,000 a year the company agreed to carry a monthly mail to the Cape in forty-two days. At that time the speed was about seven knots an hour. It is now nearly doubled. There was a time when the commercial demands of the Cape were met by a tonnage of something like 6,100 tons. By 1880 the demand had increased so much that the tonnage of the Union Company amounted to as much as 37,000.

When, after the disaster at Isandula, it was found necessary to send out supplies to the Cape as speedily as possible, the *Pretoria* (a fine model of which adorns the entrance hall of Sir Benjamin's Brighton House), one of the company's steamers,

was fitted out in nine days, and made the voyage in twenty-four days and nine hours, being one of the swiftest on record. Not satisfied with this, Sir Benjamin Philips and his co-directors launched the *Trojan*, the largest vessel in the service, and in which the ex-Empress of the French returned after her doleful visit to the grave of her only son, the last of the Bonapartes, far away in Zululand. One thing more was needed in the opinion of Sir Benjamin to the complete success of the company, and that was that its port of embarkation and debarkation should be on the Thames. It was impolitic, he said, to make Southampton the port. As had been the case in times past, London, as the centre of the world's carrying trade, was evidently the proper place. It is needless to enter into the right or wrong of the question. It suffices to say Southampton, headed by Mr. Giles, after a protracted fight won the day. Sir Benjamin in consequence resigned the chairmanship of the Union Company, and Mr. Giles reigns in his stead. Liberalism in Southampton, in its delight, forgot its sworn political creed, and plumped Tory, and Mr. Giles is now an M.P. London, however, must feel that its gratitude is due to the chairman who would fain have brought his fine fleet of steamers to trade up and down the Thames.

Sir Benjamin Phillips was born in the year 1811, and his father was a citizen of credit and renown, who, not merely active as a commercial man, was public-spirited enough to become an ardent Volunteer at times when there was every appearance of the Volunteer being called upon for active service in the cause of his king and country. Young Phillips was sent to a school which in later times sent forth such distinguished scholars and men of science as Professor Waley and Professor Sylvester. After leaving school young Phillips went to the North in quest of fame and fortune, and there, having proved his capacity, he married the sister of his partner, and the house of Faudel and Phillips at once took high rank in the Metropolis—so much so, indeed, that on the elevation of Mr. Phillips to the dignity of Lord Mayor, it was argued by a German newspaper that the Germans ought to raise him a testimonial, inasmuch as the house of Faudel and Phillips, by introducing Berlin wool and embroidery into England had done much to promote the welfare of the Fatherland. But it was not till Mr. Phillips was thirty-six years old that he turned his attention to civic affairs. At that time the last rag of intolerance was got rid of by the Corporation, or rather by Lord Lyndhurst, and it was immediately resolved by the inhabitants of the Ward of Farringdon Street Within that they should show their liberality 'by honouring themselves by

the return of Mr. Phillips, who, as a Jew and a trader, had won the respect of all classes. The election lasted then three days, and Mr. Phillips headed the poll by a large majority.

Ten years afterwards, in answer to a numerously-signed requisition, Mr. Phillips, on the retirement of Mr. Eagleton, became Alderman of the Ward, an office which he yet retains as almost the only connecting link between him and City life. Two years afterwards he was one of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, and in 1865 he became Lord Mayor—the second Jew, Mr. Alderman Salomons, being the first who had achieved that high honour.

The spirit in which the Alderman entered on his year of office is best told in his own words. "You have," said he, on returning thanks in the Guildhall for his election, "realised the dream of my early life, and I hope I shall neither disappoint expectations nor destroy nor weaken any of those ancient rights and privileges of which this city is so justly proud," an expression of feeling indicative of the view held by distinguished citizens of the duties and responsibilities and position of the Lord Mayor. Nor did Sir Benjamin Phillips ever show any forgetfulness of the fact.

In many respects his Mayoralty was a brilliant one, and well worthy of the knighthood conferred on

him by Her Majesty at its close. As a linguist and an orator Sir Benjamin occupied a high rank. It was a novelty to the guests of the Mansion House to listen to such clear and incisive language, and perhaps the climax was reached when, at the dinner to Her Majesty's Ministers, he quoted Homer to Lord Derby himself.

Outside the city also he did more than maintain the reputation of his office, as when presiding at the Royal Theatrical Fund dinner—the first time a Lord Mayor had done anything of the kind—he so distinguished himself that, as a critic in the *Sunday Times* wrote, there was a species of duel between Mr. Buckstone and the Lord Mayor, in which, though no hurt was received on either side, one or two very vigorous lunges were forcibly given and dexterously avoided.

It is to the credit of Sir Benjamin that he made no secret of his profession of the ancient faith of the people of Israel, that on one occasion the usual Easter dinner at the Mansion House was postponed in consequence, and that he was at all times ready to do his best by presiding at one or other of the Jewish charities, which, as regards management and utility, are among the chief ornaments of the great Metropolis. On no occasion, either, did the worthy Mayor hesitate to dilate on the difficulties he had to en-

counter in early life, and thus, presiding at the dinner of the Commercial Travellers' School, he spoke as one who had been a commercial traveller himself. 1866 was an eventful year, and we find his lordship incessantly entertaining royal dukes and princes and the King and Queen of the Belgians, who would have had to depart unhonoured on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Helena, had not the Lord Mayor and Corporation come to the rescue. In all these banquets the Lord Mayor acquitted himself with honour, thus justifying the following description of him in a City paper: "He is not tall, but walks with an air of such natural nobleness that he might well pass for an aristocrat of the first water in an assembly of princes." As to the judiciousness of his conduct, one example will suffice. The year of his mayoralty was the year of the imposing Reform demonstrations which ended in the Hyde Park Riots, and the tears of Mr. Walpole, the Home Secretary, who had to leave, in consequence, an office for which he was disqualified. The same difficulty Sir Benjamin had to encounter in the City; but he took the chair at the demonstration in the Guildhall, and so skilfully ruled the meeting that all parties were satisfied, and everything went off well. Sir Benjamin also made the name of the Lord Mayor respected on the Continent. He visited Brussels on the occasion of the

Tir National, in consequence of the earnest entreaty of the King of the Belgians, who conferred on him the Order of Leopold, and was everywhere received with hearty applause in his double capacity of Freemason and Lord Mayor. On his retirement after his year of office his co-religionists presented him with a costly testimonial; the Ward of Farringdon Without did the same; and the bankers and other leading citizens invited him to a banquet, in acknowledgment of the services he had rendered in what unfortunately was a year of the visitation of cholera. Not a voice was raised to his discredit, whilst *Punch* and the *Daily Telegraph* were alike eager in his praise.

Sir Benjamin Phillips is a member of the Spectacle-makers' Company, of which he has been Master. He is a Deputy-Lieutenant of London, and a Magistrate for the City and Kent. He was Chairman of the Peabody Memorial Committee; and, as a friend of Sir Charles Reed, presided at a festival held in Hackney in honour of his M.P.-ship. He was also one of the Directors of the National Provident Institution, and is a member of the City Liberal and Reform Club. In 1878 we find him presiding at a meeting held to raise money for the sufferers in the Princess Alice disaster; and in 1880 we find him declining a request made to him by the Liberal Association to contest the City, on the plea that his

health and strength unfitted him for such an effort. Be that as it may, the worthy Alderman enjoys a green old age in his pleasant house at London-super-Mare. Time has dealt gently with him, partly owing to the goodness of his constitution and the temperate habits of his life, as is evident to such friends as he gathers around him at his hospitable board, while his sons far away in London conduct a business on the same honourable principles as those in obedience to which Sir Benjamin Phillips and his partner rose to wealth, and the esteem which well-earned wealth brings in its wake.

ALDERMAN SIR THOMAS S. OWDEN.

Sir Archibald Alison, in his recently-published Autobiography, writes that he is of the opinion which Cicero puts into the mouth of the elder Cato—that old age is the happiest period of life. "It is so," remarks the historian, whose great aim was to show that Providence was on the side of the Tories, "because we have then outlived the desires which are at once the spring and the torment of former existence. In youth we live only in the future. 'We never are but always to be blest.' In middle life we are alternately impelled by the passion for acquisition and depressed by the dread of losing; we are engaged in a lasting game of hazard, attended by its excitement and anxiety. In old age alone we are masters of a treasure of which we cannot be deprived—the only treasure we can call our own. The pleasures of memory and the retrospect of the varied images which in an active life

have floated before the mind compensate and more than compensate for the alternate pleasures and cares of active life."

"Happiness," says Paley, "is not given exclusively to any one period of life; it may be enjoyed by all. It is to be seen in the repose of the old cat as well as in the gambols of the young kitten; in the armchair of old age as well as in the sprightliness of the dance or the animation of the chase."

"Even," continues Alison, "the decay of bodily or mental strength and the loss of friends, which is so frequent in advanced years, become rather a blessing than a misfortune. They loosen the ties which bind us to present existence, and smooth the path which leads to another of the blessings of old age."

Sir Thomas Scambler Owden is a fine illustration of these remarks. Surrounded by his family and friends, with a long record of City experiences to fall back on, it is to be questioned whether any of his contemporaries enjoy a more serene existence, and long may he continue to do so at his country seat, Mulgrave House, Sutton. My first experience of him was on board the *Maria Wood*. That ancient barge, as many of my readers are aware, is now chiefly devoted to festive gatherings, and once upon a time it was chartered by that illustrious body, the Bishopsgate-

street Ward Club, for an outing on the more picturesque part of the Thames which lies beyond Richmond. We had "Youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm," and the hero of the hour was Sir Thomas himself. Heroes are often small of stature, and Sir Thomas was no exception to the rule.

Heroes, as we all know, are generally exceptionally youthful, and in this respect Sir Thomas is quite of the heroic stamp.

It is said of the late Sir James Graham that he was quite a boy to the last. In this respect Sir Thomas resembles Sir James. Witness the memorable occasion when, during his year of Mayoralty, he was heard to exclaim in an after-dinner speech, "People say I am a fool! Now, do I look like one?" a remark which, of course, was received with a hearty negative. Witness also that memorable occasion when, in a fine fit of Jingo enthusiasm, and without a moment's consideration, he allowed himself to be dragged into the large hall of the Guildhall, to render what support he could to the Imperialism for which Lord Beaconsfield was responsible. There were not a few who were scandalised at a proceeding which seemed to them singularly unadvised, and at variance with the dignified traditions of the City; but Sir Thomas,

boyish-like, never considered the pros and cons., and rushed off to head a demonstration of questionable origin, and, as it seemed to many, in questionable taste. Nor did he exert himself in vain. A title was his reward, and we are informed on the best authority that Lord Beaconsfield, on more than one occasion, both publicly and privately, expressed his appreciation of Sir Thomas Owden as a magistrate, a politician, and a philanthropist. Still more may be said of Sir Thomas. It was to him as Lord Mayor that Sir Fitzroy Kelly, as Lord Chief Baron, addressed the most laboured of the harangues to which it was ever my lot to listen on the occasion of his presentation to the judges in Westminster Hall. That distinguished judge, as we all know, in his old age had a wonderful talent for harangue. It was the same with him in public as in private life. He was nothing if he was not long-winded, and I know many a distinguished man who shrank from the honour of a *tête-à-tête* with the venerable judge. In Sir Thomas Owden Sir Fitzroy Kelly found a congenial audience, and the learned baron, after remarking that we lived in troubled times—that the peace of Europe was again broken, and that a war was raging which all England might contemplate with serious anxiety and even alarm, proceeded to deliver himself of a warlike discourse singularly laboured and

singularly out of place on such an occasion. The Lord Mayor, however, took it all in. Indeed, a panegyrist of Sir Thomas went so far as to remark that that wonderful oration was due to his presence alone. "It was reserved," he writes, "for Lord Mayor Owden to rekindle the political fires which were still smouldering in the breast of Sir Fitzroy Kelly."

But returning from the field of politics, and dropping the war-inspiring oration of the Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer, it is more pertinent to remark that the subject of this memoir was born as far back as 1809 at Cuckfield, in the county of Sussex, where he was brought up in the house of his uncle, his father having died while he was a child. At an early age he commenced what proved to be a successful business career, aided, no doubt, by the fact that his uncle died while he was yet a youth, leaving him in the enjoyment of ample wealth. Thus fortunately situated, it is not to be wondered at he devoted his energies to public life. Trading in the East of London, as was natural, he filled various public offices in that quarter with *éclat*, ultimately becoming Deputy-Chairman and then Chairman of the East London Union, retaining that latter post until the Union was amalgamated with that of the City of London. In 1845 Mr. Owden was elected

one of the representatives of the Bishopsgate Ward in the Court of Common Council, and soon became one of the most active members of that body, occupying the chairs of some of its most arduous committees. In 1862 he was chosen Deputy, and some six years afterwards, on the death of Alderman Copeland, M.P., he was elected without opposition to succeed him as Alderman of his Ward.

In 1870, Alderman Sir Thomas Dakin being Lord Mayor, Mr. Owden filled the time-honoured office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex, the late Mr. R. Jones being his colleague. Ill-health somewhat delayed his elevation to the dignity of the Mayoralty, but in 1877 he took up his residence at the Mansion House, and did his best to signalise his year of office by adding to the usual pageant of Lord Mayor's Day an historic procession, if not unsurpassed, at any rate rare in modern annals. In London we make a poor hand at such things. In this respect in Belgium they beat us hollow. However, the procession was a success, and the Lord Mayor earned, as he had a right to do, the plaudits of the sovereign people. Our London citizens are fond of shows and novelty. As Shakespeare wrote, long, long ago, "Any strange beast here makes a man; when they will not give a dolt to relieve a lame beggar they will pay out ten to see a dead Indian."

The attitude assumed by Sir Thomas at his Lord

Mayor's banquet was what might have been expected from his antecedents. Lord Beaconsfield said he was the man to govern England, amidst Conservative demonstrations of applause, and yet the time was rapidly approaching when all England was to repudiate Lord Beaconsfield and his works and ways, and a blow was to be dealt at Conservatism from which at present there seems to be no sign of recovery. In his retirement at Sutton Sir Thomas must feel how vain are political vaticinations, especially when of a Conservative character. It must be admitted, however, that Sir Thomas presided at the Mansion House with credit to himself, and did not allow his Conservative enthusiasm to interfere except on the one occasion already referred to, with his due discharge of duty. Even the Broad Church and Liberal rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, better known as the Rev. William "Hang Theology" Rogers, is understood to have expressed himself highly as to the goodness of heart and sterling qualities of his parishioner, while Sir Thomas Chambers, the Recorder, in his usual graceful style of official panegyric, described Sir Thomas Owden as "furnishing an instructive example of prolonged devotion to the public service." It is to the credit of Sir Thomas that as Lord Mayor, whether in the administration of justice or the granting the use of the Mansion House for charitable and social objects, he never

allowed his politics to interfere, and his hospitality was dispensed with a liberal hand, all being welcome guests who had ever done anything to earn the distinction of being invited. At any rate he escaped the honour of being called a "turtle-fed boor;" Irish M.P.'s at that time not having quite dropped their assumed character of gentlemen when in contact with men of official rank and dignity.

In City matters Sir Thomas is firm as a rock. Speaking not long since at a City dinner, he regretted that years ago the power of the Corporation should have been curtailed, and that the Board of Works should have been constituted to do that which the Corporation could have done as well, or better. If they clipped a bird's wing from time to time, they could not expect it to fly as well as might be desired. His experience taught him that small bodies worked better than large ones, and led him, therefore, to look with anything but favour upon a scheme of reform which would create a body vast and unwieldy as the Board of Works, which would not do the work that was to be done any better, and would only entail upon the ratepayers an enormous expense in the way of salaries.

Sir Thomas Owden, who is a member of the Innholders' Company, married in 1837 Frances Mary, the daughter of Mr. John Rigby, of London, by whom he had issue four sons and five daughters, of whom six

are now alive. As an Alderman he is somewhat retiring, seldom taking part as a speaker in Aldermanic debate. In the *British Mail*—a paper, I fear, unknown to the majority of readers—I find him described as having "a reputation for bounteous philanthropy, which must have some foundation in fact, but which is of that high order that his sensitive nature shrinks from the tinselled and wordy acknowledgment that its detailed explanation invariably brings; he is a man of sterling honesty and frankness; he is an administrator of exalted calibre; he is a business man of firm principles and acute penetration; but the acts which demonstrate all this are done by stealth in that spirit of true but retiring greatness which prefers to the enjoyment of verbose gratitude the pleasure of blushing to find his actions fame." It is true this passage was written while Sir Thomas was Lord Mayor, and then, perhaps the ingenuous writer knew what he was about. All Lord Mayors are wonderful men so long as they remain in office; but in the fact thus stated of Sir Thomas's retiring disposition the citizens can best realise the sacrifice he made to serve them as Lord Mayor, and still makes as Acting Chairman of the Thames Freight and Passenger Navigation Company (Limited), established with the philanthropic purpose of supplying the inhabitants of the districts east of London Bridge with a direct means of crossing the Thames.

MR. ALDERMAN WATERLOW.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, as the newspapers tell us, has been to America, and has been interviewed in that country, a hardship to which all Englishmen of any standing are peculiarly liable who seek change of scene or recreation in that grand new country which its sons fondly tell us is bounded by the Day of Judgment, and the natives of which are supposed to have for their bright home the setting sun. A gentleman thus interviewed is of course bound to look always on the sunny side, and to say as much as he can in favour of the land in which he temporarily resides. Nevertheless, Mr. Spencer is a philosopher, and has the courage of his opinions. America is a wonderful country, he says, and, as we all know, its material progress is immense; but there is one fault in it, says Mr. Spencer, and a fault which if not speedily rectified, promises to be a source of danger and disaster, and that is—American

citizens shrink from the discharge of public duties and from the responsibilities of public life. No land can remain long happy and prosperous where such is the case—where the great fact is ignored that civic property has its duties as well as its rights, where venal and ignorant and incompetent men manage public affairs.

Happily in England the reverse of all this is the case. Our greatest men are forced to scorn delights and live laborious days in the service of their country; and many of our great City merchants and traders are the first to feel that life is a poor thing indeed if it be spent merely in the pursuit of wealth. One reason for this state of things is that all over the land we have ancient corporations in which our citizens learn the art of governing, and develop talents and capacities which lift them up into a higher life. In London, as was to be expected, we see this illustrated on a larger scale. Innumerable are the M.P.'s and statesmen with whom the City has supplied the House of Commons, and not few are they to whom it has been given subsequently to wear the strawberry leaf, and to graft themselves on an aristocracy, which, in spite of Mr. Bradlaugh and the Old Street Hall of Science, will long hold its own. We all rejoice when such is the case, and especially when we see successive generations readily coming

forward to uphold the dignity and discharge the duties of City life. As long as this healthy spirit lasts the virtue will not have gone out of our land; and the philosopher, as he speculates on the future, will see little to occasion fear—nothing to excite despair.

In this respect the Waterlow family may be said to have deserved well of their fellow-citizens. While they have planted themselves firmly in the City, they have ever been alive to the discharge of City duties and responsibilities. For this alone Mr. Alderman Waterlow deserves honourable mention. His father has been a Common Councilman for nearly a quarter of a century, and his grandfather was a member of the same body for more than forty years. On the occasion of the dinner given to commemorate his elevation to that dignity Mr. Edmund Yates took upon himself to declare that the common idea of an Alderman was that he was a man rather Dutch in build, decidedly weak in intellect, and very ignorant; and great was his astonishment to find Mr. Herbert Jameson Waterlow to be a gentleman of education and refinement. Mr. Yates ought to have known better, seeing how long he was a Post Office clerk in the City, writing novels which not every father of a family would like to see in his house, before he took to serving up for the general public the fashionable

scandals which one might expect to hear from the tell-tale lips of gentlemen's gentlemen and ladies' maids.

In common with most of the younger members of the Corporation, Mr. Waterlow is an educated gentleman, trained admirably for civic life and a business career. He was born in 1846, and was sent to school when he was but five years old. At the age of fifteen he was sent to Leatherhead as a pupil of the Grammar School then carried on there by the late Mr. Joseph Payne, one of the most accomplished and successful of modern schoolmasters. At the age of seventeen, Mr. Waterlow was sent to the paper-mills of Messrs. Saunders and Co., of Dartford, to acquire a thorough practical knowledge of a business with which he and his family have ever been more or less connected. Still further to fit himself for his work, he came to London as a student at the College of Chemistry in Oxford Street, and thence made his way to Paris, still further to improve himself by further study at the College in the Rue Chaptal; and thence he came back to be a partner in the business of his father and uncle, now known as Waterlow Brothers and Layton, of Birchin Lane, with branch establishments in different parts of the Metropolis. Full of energy and life, the Alderman does not waste his hours in bed, nor, as Dr. Watts says, let sleep his eyelids close.

He is in the City as early as half-past eight, thus setting a good example, not only to his own *employés*, but to mercantile men of all ranks and conditions. Thus, if not exactly the architect of his own fortune, it may be said of him that he has not flung away, as too many do, the business into which they may have been born. It is often an advantage to be the son of one's father, and of that advantage it is evident Mr. Alderman Waterlow is prepared to make the most. Business, like liberty, is, we all know, very volatile. Prosperity rarely extends beyond a couple of generations. What the father makes the son spends. It is to the credit of the City Waterlows that they seem an exception to the general rule, and that three generations of them adorn our civic annals.

As a Sheriff, Mr. H. Waterlow made his *début* in public life. A Sheriff is rarely seen to advantage. He is but a satellite of the Lord Mayor, and when the sun shines we do not see the stars. Necessarily, also, Mr. Waterlow was an exceedingly youthful one, and good men, like good port, are not the worse for a little keeping. Age mellows most of us, and youth is rather a disadvantage in public life. In 1880, he and Mr. Alderman Fowler served their fellow-citizens in the capacity of Sheriffs of London and Middlesex. Among the interesting recollections of that year are

the International banquet given by the Lord Mayor to the President of the Municipal Council of Paris, the Burgomaster of Brussels, and other civic authorities of Europe—his attendance on their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, when they planted trees in Epping Forest—the Corporation visit to Burnham Beeches, and also the laying the foundation-stone of a new Wesleyan Church in Willesden by himself. It is no pleasant thing to be a Sheriff of London and Middlesex—to have to be away from home, with all its enjoyments; to be a gazing-stock to the ill-natured mob, who are sure to make remarks more or less complimentary; to sit out the tedious proceedings at the Central Criminal Court, and to see that the prisoner, when found guilty of the extreme penalty of the law, is properly hung.

When Dr. Johnson went a-wooing he informed the middle-aged object of his youthful affections that his family was very respectable, though he had the misfortune to discover that one of them had been hung. The reply of the lady was that she was not aware that any of her relations had been hung, but that she felt persuaded that many of them richly deserved that fate. Had Mr. Waterlow been of a similar way of thinking, as regards the people with whom he came in contact as Sheriff, possibly he might have helped to clear the City of several

very objectionable persons. But to return to the office of Sheriff. It is supposed to cost the holder of that office at least £5000, and in the case of Mr. Waterlow I have reason to believe that sum was spent. In 1882, Mr. Waterlow again came before the City public as candidate for the vacant Aldermanic seat of Farringdon Ward Without. The election was one keenly fought, and I fancy with a good deal of expense to all parties. The candidates were Messrs. Waterlow, De Keyser, and Horace Marshall. The latter was nowhere. The contest was between Waterlow and De Keyser. There are many stationers and printers in the Ward—they naturally supported Mr. Waterlow; while the publicans and sinners went for Mr. De Keyser, and alas! they were the majority. Mr. Waterlow did not accept his defeat gracefully, and the result was that the Aldermen, as constituting a court of law, had to be appealed to, and the successful Alderman was put to a little extra trouble and expense. The rejected candidate was, however, compensated by being elected without opposition for the Ward of Queenhithe. Some of the papers called out at the smallness of the constituency which on that occasion gave to London a new Alderman. When the other day a wretched little Irish borough returned a youthful Home Ruler to Parliament by some

hundred and thirty or forty votes, not a word of complaint was heard. It seems, then, that to this complexion we have come at last—that an Alderman of the City of London is a bigger personage than an Irish M.P., and that the public take more interest in the election of the former than the latter.

Music and athletics seem to have been the favourite amusements of our Alderman in his hot youth. Early in his career he became a member of the Hon. Artillery Company, whose headquarters are in Bunhill Fields. Selecting artillery as his branch, he entered as a gunner in the Field Battery, where he soon rose to be quartermaster-sergeant of the field battery, refusing a commission, preferring to have a practical mastery of his Volunteer work. On the occasion of the Brighton review, when Mr. Waterlow was Sheriff, he had to make all the necessary arrangements, not merely for food, but as regards good quarters for man and beast. As an illustration of his zeal, I may state that he marched down to Brighton with the Field Battery, for the review on Easter Monday, returned to the Lord Mayor's dinner at the Mansion House, and went back to Brighton at once to march up next day. In 1879 his Company elected him a member of the Court of Assistants, and in the year of his Shrievalty entertained him and the Lord Mayor.

As an illustration of his musical taste, I am informed that Mr. Waterlow has been a member of several choral and musical societies, and has been a performer on more than one brass instrument in various amateur bands. However, these instruments were laid aside by Mr. Waterlow, in order that he might perfect himself in the violoncello. For many years he has been the leading spirit of the Moray Minstrels, and is President of the Philharmonic Society of Brondesbury, where his residence is situated —a modest villa, not half so pretentious as that of the medico next door, and yet one would have thought that in that part of Kilburn known as Brondesbury doctors were in little request.

I believe the Waterlows are all Liberals—at any rate, Mr. Herbert is, and hence, as may be expected, is a member of the City Liberal Club. He is also a member of that older and less pretentious institution, the Gresham, and though I hold that a man's religious opinions only concern the man himself, and are not to be paraded before the public, it may be mentioned that Mr. Waterlow describes himself as a Broad Churchman—whatever that may mean. It is more pertinent to state that he joined the Stationers' Company in 1867, and in 1873 served the office of Renter Warden, and that in 1880 he gave up his Shrievalty and became a member of the

Liberty of the Butchers' Company. He is also a member of the Board of Management of the London Orphan Asylum at Watford, one of the great charities by which London is belted, and which testify to righteous and good deeds in a city which, in spite of its cathedral, and churches, and chapels, covers in many parts ignorance as dense and wretchedness as depraved as that of Sodom and Gomorrah.

As a public man, Mr. Waterlow has yet to win his laurels. He has had a good start, and that is a great deal. I believe that when in his turn he rises to be Lord Mayor, the Alderman's lady will, at any rate, add not a little lustre to the ancient glories of the Mansion House. In her recent Reminiscences, Lady Bloomfield tells us that on the occasion of a Lord Mayor's dinner the Duke of Wellington was called upon to propose the health of the Lady Mayoress, whom he had never set eyes on, and who happened to be a very plain withered little woman. To the surprise of Lord Ellenborough, the Duke called her the model of her sex. After dinner his lordship could not help saying to the Duke, "How could you call that ugly little creature the model of her sex?" The Duke laughed, and said "Ha! ha! What the devil could I call her? I had never seen her before." There will be no need for the orator to take a leaf out of the Duke's

book, and to resort to his imagination for facts, when the time will arrive to give the health of Lady Mayoress Waterlow. She is the daughter of the late Mr. John Hill, banker, of West Smithfield. Thus on both sides the Alderman has City connections and associations which may be expected to lead him in the right way as regards the upholding of civic greatness, the maintenance of civic rights, and the due discharge of civic duties for the benefit of the vast community of which the City is the centre and the head, the crown of glory and defence.

MR. ALDERMAN WHITEHEAD.

It has often been the lot of the writer to attend meetings of Reformers of various kinds—political, social, and religious; and after the M.P. or popular divine has had his say, an Alderman is often announced; for instance, Mr. Buggins, from Little Pedlington. The man of the world laughs cynically at the idea of a provincial Alderman developing into a London Lion. But there is joy in the select circle of enthusiasts when the Alderman makes his appearance on the platform, nevertheless. One is sure an Alderman is in a respectable position, in a worldly point of view—one is sure that he has gifts which fit him more or less for public life, that he has, to a certain extent, the esteem of the community among whom he resides (for it is only in London that a distinguished citizen can be deprived of his due reward of intelligent citizenship after he has been thrice elected by his fellow-citizens), and that he

is more or less, according to circumstances, a representative man.

One likes the name of Alderman; it sounds well; it has a good Anglo-Saxon ring. It has been associated with the public life of our land since Freedom here found a fitting home. Hence it is we think respectfully of a provincial Alderman, and for a London Alderman have a still higher regard. It is said of the French soldier that he carries his marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack. The London Alderman will be—must be if he lives long enough—a Lord Mayor. It is not to be wondered at then if leading citizens are becoming increasingly willing to join the Aldermanic body, and hence the battle amongst the rivals for the honour is sometimes a bitter one. It is none the less to the credit of our youngest Alderman, Mr. James Whitehead—for it is of him I write—that he should be returned for the important Ward of Cheap, not only without a contest, but with an entire consensus on the part of the electors that forbade the very idea of opposition. It was a very great honour to the elect Alderman that out of a constituency of seven hundred and fifty, five hundred had signed the address wishing him to come forward, and promising to secure his return It was, however, rather hard on Sir John Bennett. Parodying Bishop Heber's beautiful lines, and for the

time imagining myself an elector of the Ward of Cheap, I have often felt inclined to exclaim,

> Shall we whose souls are lighted
> With wisdom from on high,
> Shall we to one who's knighted,
> His due reward deny?

But, be that as it may, in the person of Mr. James Whitehead, Fanmaker and Shipwright, Cheap has an Alderman not only in whom it can repose implicit confidence, but a gentleman of whom it has every reason to be proud. A majority of the Ward pressed him to come forward, and his election was sure from the first.

On one of the Kentish hills our youngest Alderman has founded a home. As you stand on the doorstep, turning your back to the house, the ground slopes away to the modest Ravensbourne, a river quite unworthy of such a high-sounding name. In the valley there are railway stations, churches, chapels, schools, and the long rows of suburban residences which the owners love to advertise as alike desirable and genteel. On the other side of the valley rises Shooter's Hill, and far, far to the north, on a clear day, may be seen Knockholt Beeches, and from the grounds higher up also are to be seen the Crystal Palace and St. Paul's. Inside the house you feel that you are in the residence of a gentleman of

taste. In the entrance hall is a model of the statue of Sir Rowland Hill, presented to Mr. Whitehead by the committee as an illustration of their sense of his services in connection with the erection of the statue which now graces Cornhill—an effort which, till Mr. Whitehead took it up, was anything but a success. In the Alderman's own peculiar sanctum are family portraits which, in the case of the Alderman and his lady, fail to do justice to either. Amongst the papers to be seen are *Punch* and the *Christian World*, both an evidence of catholicity in taste, and of liberality in religious and political views. On your right, as you enter, is the dining-room, where the Alderman entertains his friends, and on your left is a drawing-room, furnished in the best taste, and, to use the common form of expression, regardless of expense. There Mr. Whitehead has planted himself some sixteen years, though he hails from Westmoreland, and has, as most good people have in that part of the world, a good deal of Quaker blood in his veins.

At Swarthmoor, not far off, lived that wonderful Margaret Fell whom George Fox married, and who between them with their leaven leavened the whole lump, so that even to this day there is a Quaker influence in the district, and that means not merely plain living and high thinking, but a love of freedom

—a regard for right, and truth, and justice—a realisation not only of the existence of the present life but of one to come. Indeed, it is not too much to say that had the Independents and Baptists been as bold as the Quakers, the victory of civil and religious liberty would have been much sooner won. Nurtured in a home thus influenced, the new Alderman, in the course of a busy if not a very long career, has lived up to its teaching, and at the last election was prepared to fight for Liberalism in West Kent had there been a chance of success. Of the Committee and Council of the Liberal Club in Walbrook Mr. Whitehead is a member, indeed, I have heard people speak of him as the life and soul of the place. As was to be expected, considering the fact that one of his ancestors was George Whitehead, one of the earliest founders of Quakerism, Mr. Whitehead takes an interest in collecting all the works written by his ancestor, and old and tattered and torn as many of them are they make quite a show on his bookshelves. Another hobby in which he indulges is the collection of Æsop's Fables, and no second-hand bookseller in town or country has such a collection of the numerous editions of that ancient and still popular writer. As to his taste in painting—the pictures on his wall bear ample testimony. His love of gardening may be seen in his ample and well-kept grounds. Perhaps amongst his

most precious memories are those of a youth passed amidst the hills and lakes—the waving woods and fertile plains under the blue skies and amidst the mountain breezes which Wordsworth has rendered familiar to us all. At Appleby Grammar School where he mastered the A B C of the arts and sciences which humanise and bless mankind, he had more than once Hartley Coleridge, who lived in the neighbourhood, for his teacher. In one instance the student had to translate a line from Latin to English, representing the person referred to as flying before an enemy, and while stopping for a simile he was amused to hear his eccentric tutor exclaim, "Out with it. Why don't you say, 'like a Frenchman from Waterloo?'"

At Kendal, where his later youth was passed, Mr. Whitehead was still under the Quaker and poetic impulses of the place. There he became mixed up with public affairs by acting as Secretary to the Patriotic Fund at the time of the Crimean war. There also he distinguished himself as a cricketer, besides being an active member of an association which was supposed to be intended specially for the benefit of ingenuous youth by getting them to be lectured to, and to discuss the subjects of which the lecturer had spoken. Early in life he learned two of the secrets of success—one was to live within his means, the other to act inde-

pendently and on his own judgment. On one occasion he seems to have done this latter much to the dissatisfaction of his father, who, on his son's refusing to enter on a business which he recommended, predicted for him a career of failure. Happily the prediction was never fulfilled, and the father had the pleasure of withdrawing it as he witnessed the growing prosperity of his son.

The Kendal people rejoice greatly in the success of their fellow-townsman; and it was only the other day that they held a grand banquet in his honour. In speaking on that occasion, Mr. Whitehead said that within his knowledge the cattle market was held at Smithfield, in the very heart of the City of London, surrounded on all sides by slaughter-houses reeking with foul smells and contagion; and it seemed marvellous now to think that so much confusion and filth could have been allowed to continue in the City so long. But all that was changed now, and they had a market for the purpose which he believed was unequalled in the world. He did not, of course mean to compare it with the market at Chicago, which he had the pleasure of seeing two and a half years ago. That market, as some of them were aware, covered as much as three hundred and fifty acres of ground, and the market was held every day in the year excepting Sunday.

To give them an instance of the vastness of the transactions carried on there, he might tell them that at one killing establishment which was quite close to the market there were slaughtered on an average thirty thousand head, pretty nearly all pigs, every week in the year; and in the week preceding his visit, at that one establishment—for it was only one out of five-and-twenty—there were killed sixty thousand head of cattle. So of course he did not compare their cattle market in London with anything like the one in Chicago; but he would say this, that apart from a market such as he had just referred to, that in London would bear favourable comparison with anything of the kind in the world. Then on the site of old Smithfield they had erected a dead meat and poultry market, which, he did not hesitate to say, for business capacity had no equal in Europe or America. There were also others, such as the foreign cattle market at Deptford, Farringdon Market, and Billingsgate, all under the supervision of the Corporation, the latter he was sorry to say being quite inadequate to the wants of the Metropolis. But before long that would be remedied, and they would have a market that would meet all the requirements of the Metropolis and the surrounding counties. Such, however, had been the desire of the Corporation of London to

provide ample market accommodation that they had spent the enormous sum of three millions of money within the last thirty years, or at the rate of a hundred thousand a year, with a view to the attainment of that object, and it seemed to him that this fact reflected great credit upon the Corporation to which he had the honour to belong. Holborn Viaduct was another great work which the Corporation had effected, and which was probably unequalled for its vastness and usefulness by that great structure which crosses the river between New York and Brooklyn, and which was opened a short time ago. In the period to which he had referred they had built a very handsome bridge — Blackfriars Bridge, they had widened Newgate Street, the Poultry, and Ludgate Hill, and had carried out numerous other works at great expense. They had erected a new library at the Guildhall which was not only an ornament but a boon to every one connected with the City, and more particularly to the clerks and warehousemen who were employed there. Last year the new City of London School was opened on the Thames Embankment, and was in every way a model of its kind. It is a day school for seven hundred boys; and men who were engaged in business—professional men and others who had not the means or

the inclination to send their sons from home to be educated—had the opportunity of obtaining instruction for their sons at a very moderate cost, though the instruction was quite equal to that at Eton, Harrow, Clifton, or Marlborough; and it was not too much to say that the City of London School was one of the greatest boons that had ever been given to the citizens. As recently as 1880 the Corporation established a School of Music. At the end of the year, the number of pupils had reached 216. By the end of 1881 they had risen to 907, and so great was the demand for musical instruction, that by March of 1882 the number had increased to 1500, and that exclusive of the orchestra and choir, which numbered 340 more. So they would all see that while the Corporation supplemented elementary schools—board schools and others, by providing a day school of the highest grade, they were not indifferent to the claims of the accomplishments, and though music might not be a necessity he thought they would all admit at any rate that it had a very refining influence in the social circle. Then, if they looked outside the City, they found that it was barely twelve months since the purchase of Epping Forest was completed by the Corporation of the City of London, and was thrown open for the use and recreation of the people for all

time. This was all done by a Corporation whose jurisdiction extended only over a square mile. Epping Forest consisted of 5530 acres of forest land, and it had been justly described by the prime mover for its preservation—Mr. Bedford—as being "undoubtedly the finest recreation ground in Europe." It was impossible for any one who was not acquainted with the teeming population of the East end of London to realise what an immense benefit this had been to the poor of that district, and it seemed to him that the acquisition of the Forest would stand for all time as an enduring monument of the liberality and public spirit of the Corporation in labouring for the best interests of the people. Besides this, they had acquired the celebrated Burnham Beeches and Coulsden Commons, and at the present moment they had before them a proposal to purchase Alexandra Park.

It seems to me that one of the secrets of Mr. Whitehead's success was his desire to get married. When old Lord Eldon made a runaway match his friends predicted his utter ruin. As we study his biography we see how that was the turning-point of his career, and led to his great position in the State. It was the same with Mr. Whitehead. Anxious to secure a fitting income for a wife, he came to London as the agent of a Bradford house. However, in a

little while he relinquished that connection, finding one in the same trade more suited to his ideas of business, and where the path to pecuniary independence was more secure. Energetic and far-seeing, Mr. Whitehead's most sanguine expectations were realised, and thus it is while in the prime of life he has been able to devote himself to the service of the public. It was in the cause of national education that he was the first to embark as a public man, taking his stand on the Birmingham platform, which declared free, compulsory, and unsectarian education. To a certain extent the Government has followed in the steps of the National Education League. Another result of his well-earned leisure was a pleasure tour with his eldest son in Australia, New Zealand, and America. Perhaps one day he will make a book of his travels. He has ample materials for that work if he can spare the time. Mr. Whitehead has experienced the dangers as well as the pleasures of a difficult mountain ascent. On one occasion, while ascending a rather steep mountain, he slipped on the snow, and would have been over a precipice had not his guide managed to get hold of him in the nick of time. Again, the American steamer in which he was making his way to San Francisco broke down in the Pacific, and was some eleven or twelve days behind time. On the American continent they were given

up as lost, and prayers were offered up on their behalf. In reality the passengers all that time were amusing themselves with catching sharks. As Alderman it is to be hoped he may be especially successful. Sharks are bad enough in the Pacific, but it is to be feared they are ten times worse in Cheapside and the neighbourhood of the Mansion House and the Stock Exchange. It is said they abound there; such, alas!

> Is the rarity
> Of Christian charity
> Under the sun.

In one respect I am disappointed with Mr. Whitehead. Born in 1834, he really does not look his age, and it is hard to realise that he, with so refined a physiognomy and so delicate a figure, should have been a commercial traveller, a leading citizen, a tourist in many lands, active so long in public and private life. His oval face is suggestive more of Italy than of Westmoreland. "He an Alderman!" said a porter, at a sea-side hotel, the other day, "not a bit of it; he ain't fat enough, and he ain't old enough." And certainly the unbelieving Thomas spoke not without a certain amount of plausibility. "And so your papa is an Alderman," said the nurse to the youngest of Mr. Whitehead's daughters, when the news came of what had taken place in the distant City. "An Alderman! What is that?" asked the

little one anxiously. "Will my pa still be my pa? And may I love him? And will he kiss me?" It does not seem to me that the little lady will have much chance of complaint in that respect, and that the new dignity will not materially interfere with the claims and duties, and, let me add, enjoyments of the family and the home. City life takes much out of a man, but the home is still clung to with all the fondness of an Englishman for wife and child. Our Aldermen are, perhaps, a little straitened in this respect, but they are not bound to parody the remark of Pitt, when Madame Necker pressed upon that rising hope of the Tories the hand of that wonderful daughter who, as Madame de Stael, was in after life to be a seven days' wonder in London drawing-rooms, and to be the peculiar terror of the Little Corsican, who, in spite of his armed legions, failed to break that proud spirit or manacle that hostile tongue. I don't believe Pitt made such a remark, but the tale is that he declined the proffered honour, on the plea that he was already married to his country. Such an excuse the City fails to find for her Aldermen. On the contrary, provision is made for the female element in our feasts and pomps. On our high days and holidays the Aldermen's ladies (I thankfully record the fact) appear in as great splendour and shine with greater brightness than the Aldermen themselves.

In thus shaping their policy the Conscript Fathers were wise in their generation. Reformers tell us when they have the women on their side their cause is won. For the same reason Gog and Magog and City principalities and powers may await with cheerfulness their impending doom when the Grand Old Man now at the head of affairs advances to that seventh labour of Hercules, the reform of the City Corporation. For this cause the City has much to be thankful for as regards the new generation of Aldermen, nor need it blush to own the fact, since even the Whigs on a memorable occasion were not above being saved by the Ladies of the Bedchamber. On the subject of Corporation reform, Mr. Alderman Whitehead is no blind supporter of things as they are; but I believe he has no fancy for the schemes hinted at in some quarters of substituting Corporations all round the City, and we may be certain that the plan which will have his support will not lower but elevate our ancient Corporation in the eyes of the world.

MR. ALDERMAN DE KEYSER.

"On Midsummer Day this year," writes that pious and learned Nonconformist, Dr. Edmund Calamy, "Robert Breedon, Esq., a very honest gentleman, a member of my congregation, was chosen Sheriff of London and Middlesex when he was about fourscore. It was designed that he should fine, but his character being known, it was most earnestly desired by the Whig Lords that he might be prevailed with to stand, and it was thought that his doing so would be an eminent piece of service to the interest of the Hanover family. And he was prevailed with, though he therein exercised great self-denial." The Corporation of London was a loser by this act of the aged Breedon, which George the First very properly rewarded with a baronetcy. In 1748 the Corporation of London resolved to avail themselves of these conscientious scruples on the part of Dissenters towards defraying the expense of building the Mansion House.

For this purpose Liverymen who were known to be strict Dissenters were frequently nominated to the office of Sheriff, the Corporation having first made a bye-law imposing a fine of £400 and 20 marks upon every person who, being nominated by the Lord Mayor, declined standing the election, and £600 upon every person who, being elected, refused to serve the office. When many Dissenters had been nominated and elected, and paid their fines to the amount of above £15,000, the Deputies chosen to protect their civil rights determined to contest with the Corporation the right to enforce these pecuniary exactions. After a variety of legal proceedings lasting over ten years, the Lords in 1767 decided in favour of the Dissenters. On this occasion, the Earl of Mansfield said: "The professed design of making this bye-law was to get fit and able persons to serve the office, and the Plaintiff (the Chamberlain of London) sets forth in this declaration that if the Dissenters are excluded they shall want fit and proper persons. But were I to deliver my own suspicion, it would be that they did not wish so much for their services as their fines. Dissenters have been appointed to this office—one who was blind, another who was bedridden—not, I suppose, on account of their being fit and able to serve the office."

A time came when this state of things was put an end to, and the Corporation of London had to raise money in a more legitimate manner. Not only now can Dissenters serve as Sheriffs, but even gentlemen of foreign extraction and of Romanist persuasion are invited to assume that honourable office, and to become Aldermen as well. Again let me take my readers back a few years: readers of "Martin Chuzzlewit" are well aware of the existence of the Antwerp packet—"A nice spluttering noisy monster for a delicate young creetur to go and be a passenger by," as Sairey Gamp sarcastically remarked as Jonas Chuzzlewit, anticipating the general smash-up of the "Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Assurance Company," meditated an escape to the Continent with his unfortunate wife.

Antwerp, as the intelligent reader is well aware, is in Belgium, and no one who has ever travelled by the packet aforesaid but will be free to admit, as the lawyers say, that not only are the Belgians the jolliest and best-tempered people in the world, but that their hotels are not to be matched anywhere for comfort or good cheer, either in England or on the Continent, if you travel from Dan to Beersheba. Belgium is a land where the railways are cheap, and the hotels ever filled by the wandering English who, in search of adventure or amusement or the picturesque, may most

assuredly go further and fare worse. The hotel-keepers are indeed the traveller's true friends, and it is always with regret, if the writer may speak for himself, that I leave its quaint old towns, and grand town-halls, and its mediæval glories and good dinners for the Antwerp packet which is to bear me to Harwich or London Bridge as the case may be. In these cosmopolitan days the Antwerp packets are numerous, and many are the foreigners who come by them to our grand emporium of commerce and of trade. In the ordinary English hotels they find but little attraction, and are like fish out of water.

Many years ago a Belgian came over in the Austrian packet and opened an hotel which speedily became the rendezvous of the foreign merchants and traders whom business attracted to the City. At that time there was no Thames Embankment, and it seemed as if De Keyser's hotel were destined long to guard the entrance to the adjacent bridge. At length there came a change, and the Thames Embankment was begun. The old hotel disappeared, and a new and magnificent structure rose, if I may speak poetically, upon its ashes. In all the City round, for extent and magnificence, you could not find its equal. On the day of the opening it was *en fête*, and all the world and his wife were there to listen to the music, to admire the spectacle, to partake of

the feast. The giver of that feast, the founder of that princely pile, is now Alderman and Sheriff of the City of London. There were people who made this a ground of opposition. It was said that the Alderman was a foreigner and a Roman Catholic; that Mr. De Keyser was of foreign origin, though now a naturalised Englishman, is admitted on all hands. That objection was soon disposed of. As to his religion, there is little to complain of on that score. He is what is known in Belgium as a Free Roman Catholic, and a Free Roman Catholic is very liberal in his religious views—as much so as an advanced Dissenter or a Broad Churchman. As an Alderman of the City of London there will be little to fear from him in the way of an effort to revive the fires and faggots of Smithfield. As little would he incline to make the attempt as to introduce wooden shoes and slavery. Then it was held in some quarters his honourable profession unfitted him to serve in the City. That idea was too absurd, however, to be a bar in the worthy Alderman's way.

At a banquet of free and accepted Masons, held in the year 1882 at the Albion, as a compliment to Mr. Alderman De Keyser, it was stated that after Mr. De Keyser came over to this country and became a naturalised British subject, he worked in the City

with an industry and perseverance which enabled him to overcome all the difficulties that beset his path and become a prosperous man. I believe his father began City life in one of the hotels in Finsbury Square—a fact equally creditable and equally advantageous—creditable, for it is an honour to anyone to work his way up in the City, and advantageous, as by thus studying his business in its lowest branches he was enabled to become master of the whole subject, and to learn what were the wants of his guests and how best to meet them. Having thus been trained for his vocation, Mr. De Keyser, the son, however, assumed at once, a high position. His hotel in Blackfriars was a great success from the first, and now it is one of the wonders of London, as you turn down the Embankment. A man who can have achieved such a success in middle life must have some real merit. There is no limited liability company in London can vie with him in this respect. His merit is proclaimed by his works. "If you seek my monument look around," is an inscription in St. Paul's Cathedral to the honour and glory of Sir Christopher Wren, with which most of us are familiar. In the same way we would take the stranger to the great hotel on the Embankment if he would gather what sort of a man is he who by his skill, and capital, and energy has made it what it is.

If you have a chance of talking with the worthy Alderman, you soon find the secret of his success. He is as good-natured as he is master of his business, and it was his good-nature that won for him his Aldermanship in spite of the fact that there were two formidable competitors in the field. In one respect the conduct of Mr. De Keyser is a reproach to many of his fellow-citizens. As soon as he had settled in the world, as soon as he put his business on a satisfactory basis, he at once gave his spare time to the City. In this respect, it were to be wished more eminent citizens would follow his example. That is to be the case, we are told, when we have a reformed Corporation, with a great Duke as Lord Mayor, and with Mr. James Beal and Mr. Firth to be a modern Gog and Magog safe-guarding the interests of the Corporation they have called into existence. I indulge in no such delusion, I cherish no such fancy. As it was in the beginning, so it is now, and ever will be. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, or the leopard his spots. The citizen who has made money will go home and ignore the claims of a City which has extended eastward and westward miles and miles beyond where formerly stood Aldgate Pump or Temple Bar. He will think more of the comforts of home and less of the City than he does now.

As it is there is an *esprit de corps* in the City which keeps our Common Councilmen respectable, and makes our Aldermen men of mark. It is to be feared that feeling will cease to exist when the present barriers are broken down, and when the men who are now held in dishonour as the representatives of our Metropolitan boroughs—the vestrymen of Lambeth or Marylebone or Shoreditch or St. Pancras, come to the front. Only recently the Radical Labouchere tells us in his paper that an honest London vestryman is as rare as a black swan. It will then be no honour either to be a Common Councilman or an Alderman.

It is impossible in a big city like London to create an extended and active corporate feeling. Take the case of the London School Board. With what *éclat* did it enter on its work! What an assembly of leading men there met in the new Parliament to lay down the lines on which our educational policy was to proceed! Where are they now? Echo answers, Where? Hackney has lost Sir Charles Reed, and now rejoices in Mr. John Lobb. The absurd cumulative vote may have something to do with this state of things, so deeply to be deplored. But the real source of the disease, for disease it is, is that weakness of human nature which makes men careless of public duty in proportion to

their success in business, their standing in the world, and their comforts at home. The richer a man is the more he feels public life a bore, and thus it is, that as regards corporate bodies emphatically, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

This is not to be the case, it is said, when the Corporation is reformed. I am glad to hear it. Mr. De Keyser, however, is an illustrious exception to the weakness of which I complain. The better he got on in life the more public-spirited he became. He looked around him to see a door of usefulness, and became immersed in parish politics, and was successively overseer, guardian, and churchwarden of the parish of St. Bride. Then he entered the Court of Common Council as the representative of one of the most populous Wards in the City. In that capacity he served his fellow-citizens so well that he became Chairman of the Bridge House Committee and a Governor of the Bridewell and Bethlehem Hospitals; and when, much to the delight of his constituents, he became one of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, they presented him with his badge and insignia of office at a cost of about £500; a proper thing to do, as the defeated candidate at the election for Alderman had put Mr. De Keyser to the expense of defending his election in a court of law.

In many ways Mr. De Keyser has served the City.

He is one of the founders of the School of Music in the Guildhall, he looks after the interests of his former countrymen in London, and is the President of the Belgian Benevolent Society, which owes much to his exertions on its behalf, and is a member of the Innholders' and Spectaclemakers' Companies. For his services at the annual rifle displays in Brussels (where he has been one of the 1st Surrey Rifles, in which county he resides) the King of the Belgians created him a Knight of the Order of Leopold. In this case the honour was certainly well deserved. At the Masonic Festival already referred to, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Savory said that he had not the honour of Brother De Keyser's acquaintance before he was elected Sheriff, but he had already found in him a most estimable and valued friend. It is that tendency to friendliness to all who need it, rich as well as poor, which has won for the Alderman civic honours and civic rank. You see it in his burly presence; it shows up in his speech, albeit, like most Belgians, he speaks English with rather a foreign utterance. It has given purpose and unity to his public life. Perhaps it is owing to that that he has kept out of party politics, and that I am unable to say whether he is a Tory or a Whig. But he comes from the land of the free—the home of such champions of the right as Egmont and Horn and Philip Van Artevelde.

Belgium itself is a standing protest against human slavery—against the despotism of all alliances, holy or the reverse, on behalf of a people to rule themselves. Belgium, by its grand town-halls, has nursed the free tendencies of the people, in spite of emperor and priest. Commerce made the traders rich. As Morley wrote, "Needy Flemish weavers became mighty manufacturers. Armies of workmen, fifty thousand strong, marched through the swarming streets. Silkmen, brewers, clothiers, become the gossips of the king: lend their gossips vast sums of money, and burn the royal notes of hand in fires of cinnamon wood." The men who built the town-halls of Ghent, and Brussels, and Bruges, and Antwerp, and Louvaine, had at any rate a grand idea of corporate life, and it is no wonder that one like Mr. De Keyser—reared under their shadow, drinking in from boyhood the majesty and dignity of Corporation life—was led to link himself with a Corporation as old and renowned, as bright with glory, as any in his native land. His year of office as Sheriff has gained him friends everywhere; and active in habits, and full of public spirit, in the prime of life, it may be expected of him that he may do the City good service for many a long year to come.

MR. ALDERMAN KNIGHT

(LATE LORD MAYOR).

Lord Albemarle, if I remember aright, tells us that when Lord John Russell made his way to France, and was honoured with an interview with the Great Napoleon, then, for a wonder, at peace with perfidious Albion, he was pleased to speak in a pleasing style to his English visitor, and to predict for him a distinguished career. "There is no knowing what you may become. Why, in time," remarked the First Consul—for such Napoleon then was—"you may be Lord Mayor of London." Well, the late Lord John Russell lived to an advanced age, and he rose to great honour. He was the leader of the Whigs and he died an Earl, but he never had the good fortune to be Lord Mayor of London, and thus to represent to admiring Europe the wealth and talent of the commercial capital of the world.

The honour missed by the distinguished statesman

however, fell, and not unworthily, on the head of Mr. Alderman H. E. Knight, Spectaclemaker, Loriner, and Fruiterer. For the past twelve months that gentleman was the observed of all observers, and no City demonstration was complete without him. He and Royalty were on friendly terms. *Vanity Fair* published his portrait. At the Mansion House he entertained Prime Ministers, chiefs of parties, judges, and archbishops, and Foreign Ambassadors, besides gentlemen of the Press. All the great world felt it an honour to be invited to his banquets, while the great charities which have made the name of England honoured all the world over, and to which the poor and the needy and the afflicted of every clime turn for aid, were all the better for his countenance and support. And many admiring citizens, as he rode in state along our ancient and busy streets, recognised in him the august representative of a city which flourished when Britain was a remote appanage of Imperial Rome; a city which has made and unmade kings; a city whose wealth has excited the admiration and envy of foreigners in all ages of its existence; a city which in the golden age of Queen Victoria has acquired a greatness of which its rude forefathers never dreamt. The strongest advocates of Corporate Reform—the men most eager to expose the blots in the present

system—admit as much, and love to do honour to a city under which commerce has grown to its climax, and where freedom has ever found a home. A man who is Lord Mayor of London, however elected, is a man of mark for the time, and may well be proud of the situation which he is called upon to hold.

As Lord Mayor, the first thing we noticed was his comparative youth. Generally our Conscript Fathers are grave and reverend seigniors, perhaps a little past their prime—grey-haired—with more in them of the wisdom that comes with time than the energy characteristic of youth. Born in 1833, Mr. Alderman Knight looks even younger than one would suppose from that date, and with his healthy face and vigorous appearance, it is obvious that, according to all human calculation, he has before him many years of active life. You would scarcely expect to find that one who looks so young has one son and one daughter already married, and has been so long an active member of City Boards. However, he may be said to have had his share of the ills to which the flesh is heir, and to have been affected, both as regards health and domestic comforts, as are most men born of woman. When I state that he has been married twice, it is needless to say that he has been called to mourn as well as rejoice, and that his career has been

more chequered than one would suppose from his buoyant personal appearance and energetic style of talk; but his is a nature to rise in the world, and so his past history has proved. As a scholar he distinguished himself in the City of London School —a school, the immense size of which makes the success of any one particular *élève* all the more creditable. When he left it, after winning many prizes, he was captain of the school, an indication of rare intellectual and scholarly ability in a lad. In his case the child was father to the man, and his commercial career has been what might have been anticipated from such an auspicious commencement.

The last speech I heard Macaulay deliver in the House of Commons was in favour of the introduction of competitive examinations for Government appointments, and the argument, supported by an overwhelming amount of illustration, was that the lads who had distinguished themselves in school or at college were the men who had won success in the battle of life, and in the wider arena of politics. That the same rule holds good as regards City life and commercial success, has been demonstrated times without number, and Mr. Alderman Knight is a case in point. He is none the worse and all the better citizen and man of

business for the talent and industry which made him captain of the City of London School. For one thing, it helped him to speak more effectively than often is the case with mere men of business; and good speaking is essential to public life. I have known Aldermen and Lord Mayors who have made themselves ridiculous by their failures in this respect. Perhaps they have had a portly presence, and that is something. Perhaps they have won that honour which in a commercial age like ours, and in a commercial capital like London, those who have money ever regard those who have more, and that also is something. But they have opened their mouths, and alas! the respected citizen exposes himself to rude laughter from his foes, and makes his friends blush for shame as he plays old gooseberry with his h's and revels in all the peculiarities by which, time ont of mind, the Cockney has ever made himself the butt of the satirist. One can have no fear on this head as regards Mr. Alderman Knight. In many ways he has given the citizens a touch of his quality. In 1867 he was elected to the Court of Common Council for Cripplegate, and in 1874 was chosen as the Alderman of that Ward. In the following year he served the office of Sheriff, in company with the late Mr. Alderman Breffit. As a man of business, he seems to have struck out an

independent career for himself, taking time by the forelock, availing himself of passing opportunities—indulging in building speculations which seemed prudent in the judgment of sagacious men, and which, in some instances, have been justified by success. In the City he is to be found in the office of an insurance company in Cheapside, of which he is the chairman. You will find him, when he is there, on the second floor, with half-a-dozen people waiting to interview him; and with none of whom does he converse long. The Alderman is a busy man, and has little time to spare.

Of course, says the reader, the Alderman has his country seat? Well, he has, and he has not. Like the immortal Garrick, Mr. Alderman Knight has a villa at Hampton, on the banks of the Thames. Garrick, we know, hired his, but Mr. Alderman Knight built his, which is a comfortable family house with a noble conservatory and some thirty or forty acres of ground, now left chiefly to the care of a gardener, a coachman and his wife.

In one respect the houses resemble each other. Each is separated by a high wall from a pleasant sward that runs down to the river's edge. On his little plot, as we all know, Garrick built a temple to Shakespeare, more fitted to Drury Lane than to a suburban villa. "The situation of his garden,"

wrote Hannah More in 1774, "pleases me infinitely. It is on the banks of the Thames, the temple almost thirty or forty yards from it. Here is the famous chair curiously wrought out of a cherry tree which really grew in the garden of Shakespeare at Stratford. I sat in it, but caught no ray of inspiration." In the case of Mr. Alderman Knight, we have not a temple to Shakespeare, but a summer-house, where I can imagine the worthy Alderman on a summer's eve vastly enjoying himself with his family and friends, as he smokes his cigar and touches lightly on the topics of the day or City and Imperial politics. The place is beautifully quiet, and yet how gay the Thames is with life in the summer time, with merry boats and steam launches, and merry life we all know well. This rustic resort of the Alderman's is reached by a little avenue—in summer arched over all the way with foliage, which keeps off alike the sun and shower, and much is it to be preferred in fair weather to the more pretentious mansion on the other side of the way known to all the country round as Elmside, Hampton, though its fine lawns, the abounding fruit and vegetable gardens, make it in every sense a desirable residence for a family of respectability in search of quiet.

Far from the madding crowd and the war of Cheapside and the smoke of London is Elmside.

No wonder the Alderman looks well when he has such a place to fly to. It is on the road from Hampton to Sunbury, but to get at it from Hampton station—a station of which the less said the better—you wander along a district bare of life, past some great waterworks, past a fine new grammar school, down a road only railed in, and evidently just taken over by the local board, if local board there be, and there on your right are the trees which guard the Alderman's Lares and Penates. As you enter the hall the Alderman's library is on your right; on the other side is the drawing-room, while the dining-room looks out on the lawn. "A very nice sort of gentleman," said a labourer to me, the other day, as I chanced to be in the neighbourhood; "I've been with him sixteen years, and I've no fault to find with him." It looks well when you see the same faces about a man year after year.

Our late Lord Mayor undertook the duties of the Mansion House in days, as Matthew Arnold writes, of

> Change, alarm, surprise,

when an ancient Corporation is threatened—when we are told an axe is to be laid at the roots of the Guilds—when old things are to pass away—when all things are to become new. Apparently he sees little to fear in the future, and perhaps the experience of the past

justifies him in believing that the bark of the Corporation Reformer is worse than his bite. At the time when the old world of Paganism was tottering to its fall, when the new creed which declared great Pan was dead and that a new era about to dawn upon the world was winning its victories, Gibbon tells us how Symmachus, pleading before Valentinian for the restoration of the altar of Victory, argued that the old faith had reduced the world under its laws—that by means of its rites Hannibal had been defeated, and the Greeks driven back from the Capitol. In like manner Mr. Alderman Knight contends that under the Corporation now threatened by reforming innovations the City has prospered—the golden age has arrived, and its merchants are princes. That is of course the obvious and the necessary reply to outsiders, and up to a certain point, admits of no gainsaying. Further, he tells us that we have the best of water in the City to drink, and that there is no healthier place in the world than the city of which he was the Lord Mayor; in fact, judged by its fruits, the Corporation, he argues, deserves well of the community.

At the same time, Mr. Alderman Knight is not one of those Conservatives who are averse to all change, and who would blindly preserve what is old long after it has become obsolete simply because it is old. On the contrary, he would move with the

times, and adapt ancient institutions to the requirements of modern ideas, and the demands of modern life by building upon the ancient foundations serviceable institutions, and by restoring ancient rights. To the modern spirit of universal centralisation, where all the work is done by Government agents, in preference to local men governing themselves in accordance with local ideas, he gives his strongest opposition. He may possibly give fresh lustre to civic life; but he will hand down to his successors untouched and undiminished the rights and customs bequeathed to us —or, rather, won for us in a grand and stormy past.

Since the above was written Mr. Alderman Knight has served his year of office and retired with the usual flourish of trumpets. The Lord Mayor for the time being is always an immense improvement on his predecessors; the last Lord Mayor is invariably the best, and Mr. Alderman Knight is no exception to the general rule. A few good citizens who have been snubbed by him grumble at his brusqueness, and the Scotch crofters, it seems, did not think him a Solomon when he went as far as Stornoway to give an opinion as to their condition, for which he authoritatively declared emigration was the only remedy; but he and the Common Council and the Aldermen got on well together, Mr. Gladstone has knighted him, and what more would you have?

SIR JOHN BENNETT.

In that wonderful allegory composed by the Bedford Tinker as he was

> writing of the way,
> And race of saints in this our gospel day,

it has always seemed to me that in one of the characters we get a faint outline of no less famous a citizen than Sir John Bennett, of Cheapside. Of course, I do not refer to Christian, who would walk solitarily in the fields, sometimes reading and sometimes studying, to whom, in his distress of mind, Evangelist himself pointed out the shining light and the wicked gate; nor to Faithful, who seems to have fled from the City of Destruction a little later, and not to have overtaken Christian till he was well on his journey; but to an acquaintance whom they picked up in the road ere they entered Vanity Fair. "I will talk," said their new companion—a tall,

comely man—"of things heavenly or things earthly; things moral or things evangelical; things sacred or things profane; things past or things to come; things foreign or things at home; things non-essential or things circumstantial—provided that it be done to our profit." The man's name was Talkative, and assuredly when Faithful, stepping up to Christian, said, "What a brave companion we have got; surely this man will make a very excellent pilgrim?" Bunyan was but anticipating the talk of Cheapside when there was a contest for the Alderman's gown, and before it was known that the Court of Aldermen would interpose between the Ward and the man of their choice, by an exercise of power which seemed strange at the time to outsiders, and has ever since seemed stranger still. In another way also the analogy seems to hold good. Christian and Faithful attained their end, but Talkative missed his way. Sir John Bennett, it must be confessed, is in one sense as unfortunate as talkative. He is not actually Alderman for the Ward of Cheap; he was unsuccessful at the last election for the London School Board; he was not returned for the little borough of Maldon, though he made a good fight for it. But here the resemblance between Talkative and Sir John ceases. Talkative disappears at once and for ever from history; for Sir John there is no such plunge into

oblivion. He is irrepressible. Foiled in one quarter, he reappears in another. After every defeat he comes up fresh as a daisy. In all the City it is impossible to find his match for pluck and talk. He is quite a genius in his way; there is no doubt about that.

To a generation at least of Londoners Sir John Bennett has been a well-known man. "I did see such a nice gentleman, with white curly hair, in the Lord Mayor's Show," said a German young lady to me; "and it was amusing how the people cheered him." There was no occasion to ask the name of that curly, white-haired gent. One day, spending an afternoon at the noble mansion of one of our lately-deceased judges, his daughter, one of the most accomplished and ladylike women to be seen in society, remarked to the writer that she had been to a City banquet, and had been wonderfully attracted by an exhibition of dancing that took place in the course of the evening, and which had drawn spectators from all parts of the hall to witness that display. Of that group, watched with such interest, it is needless to say Sir John was the principal figure. One of the most striking of the many portraits of *Vanity Fair* is that of Sir John in his velvet coat, wearing top boots, well mounted on his favourite steed. It is difficult to say where you may not see Sir John. He is sure

to be seen as large as life at all City meetings, and at all City resorts. Hastings and London-super-Mare are his happy hunting-grounds. One night he is lecturing in Greenwich or Whitechapel, the next he is over the hills and far away, setting a Yorkshire audience laughing at his jokes. To-night he talks to the farmers of pigs, and bullocks, and tithes, and to-morrow he is lecturing the coming democracy on the progress of the age and the rights of man. The Cannon Street Hotel is a great place for conferences of all kinds, and there you are sure to meet Sir John. Go to the Crystal Palace when the dinner season is on, and he is there; nor did he disdain the northern heights of London when the Alexandra Palace was in the full blaze of its short-lived success; and wherever Sir John is he is sure to be heard as well as seen. He always plays to the gods in the gallery, and he always gets an encore. A very easy thing, says the critic. By no means. That sort of thing requires a good deal of tact and talent, as well as self-possession and oratorical ability. But the man who can do that can do better things if he likes and when he likes. Let me give an illustration. Sir John, we all know, was a leading member of the London School Board at its commencement. Indeed, I have heard it said that the late Reverend John Rodgers, Sir E. H. Currie, and Sir John

Bennett formed an educational triumvirate which no mere Conservative cavillers could ever defeat. At any rate, that such a thing could have been said of Sir John is, I take it, a great compliment, as the Board, personally considered, was a far better one than it has ever been since. Well, one day the subject of discussion was one of peculiar delicacy and difficulty touching religious questions, and Sir John was bravely arguing against the propriety of teaching children theological conundrums —as he called them. The phrase created, of course, an uproar, and Sir John was called to order by the chairman, the late Sir Charles Reed. Pausing for a moment and looking up at the ceiling, as if in search of an idea, Sir John adopted his phraseology to his audience. "Well, well," said he, "I mean things hard to be understood." The effect was marvellous, and indignation at once was turned to applause.

I have said that Sir John is to be met with everywhere. I must make two exceptions: I have not yet met him on the platform of the Blue Ribbon Army, though I fully except to do so, as I have heard him call himself a teetotaller, at the same time with a humourous wink handing a small coin to a civil policeman for the purpose of getting himself something to drink. The other exception is as

regards that most useful and excellent institution, the Christian Young Men's Association; but there is plenty of time for that, as Sir John is quite a young man (he was only born as recently as 1814), for I am sure I have heard him express himself in a way which would satisfy any reasonable Christian. The occasion was when the grand meeting of the Lord Mayor of London with the Mayor of Hastings at Sir John's lovely place at Robertsbridge took place, when Sir John's hospitality was exhibited on the most gorgeous scale. The party was very large, consisting of several hundreds, and some of them (*quorum pars fui*) managed to get to the place some time before the others. With his usual kindness, Sir John suggested that we should fall to at once, an invitation with which we willingly complied. In the middle of our repast arrived the Lord Mayor and his suite. No sooner had his lordship been provided with his seat, than Sir John exclaimed, "Silence, for the Lord Mayor's chaplain to say grace!" The announcement made some of us smile, whereupon said Sir John, "It is never too late to be thankful!" and the chaplain did his duty in respectful silence. Sir John possibly may be like Dr. Johnson's friend, Campbell. Said the great monarch of Bolt Court, "Dr. Campbell is a good man, a pious man. I am afraid he has not been

in the inside of a church for many years, but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat. This shows that he has good principles." Sir John's remarks as to grace I am sure may be accepted as a proof, if proof were needed, of the goodness of his principles, and of eligibility for membership at Aldersgate Street. Another of his virtues is that he is a man of his word. Once upon a time a famous citizen had been dining with him at Robertsbridge, and it was necessary that he should get back to town by a certain train, and to do that it was necessary to be at the station by a certain time. He was a little anxious on the subject as he took his seat beside Sir John, as the two friends had cut it rather fine. "Make youself quite easy on that score," said Sir John, as he dashed off in the dark at a tearing pace down the hill; "dead or alive you shall be there at the proper time." And he was, and, much to his astonishment, fortunately alive and with no broken bones.

Sir John Bennett, of Glen Druid, Chislehurst, is the eldest son of the late John Bennett, of Greenwich, a watchmaker in a large way of business, who sent his son to Colfe's Grammar School at Lewisham, with a view to studying for the clerical profession, a profession for which Sir John's oratorical talent would have been certainly no mean qualification.

Man proposes, and God disposes. Sir John's aspirations were checked in consequence of the sudden death of his father, and he commenced work at his father's trade, and his success may be learned by his clever lecture on the "Mechanism of a Watch." At Greenwich, in company with his brother, Dr. W. C. Bennett—whose "Baby May" is a poem destined to hand down its author's name to posterity—and other young men, some of whom have since become distinguished in public life, Sir John worked hard to establish a society for the acquisition and diffusion of useful knowledge; and one result of their exertions was the erection of a lecture-hall and reading and class rooms, at a cost of over £10,000. Greenwich was far too small a sphere for Sir John, who came to London, and established in Cheapside a business which speedily became famous all over the world. I have heard the turning-point in his career was in connection with the Great Exhibition—the first ever held in England—in the Palace of Glass in Hyde Park. The back part of the wrapper was secured by Sir John for £750, an enormous sum, as it was thought, in those days, when the art of advertising was yet in its infancy; but never was £750 better laid out. Again, in 1862, he took the back of all the Exhibition catalogues. The sale of the whole exceeded

half-a-million, and for this he gave a cheque for £1050.

As his business grew, so did Sir John's hopes and aspirations. For more than twenty years he has served the City faithfully in the Court of Common Council, and long has he taken a leading part in the debates, as when he moved the presentation of the freedom of the City to the King of the Greeks on the occasion of his visit to this country; or, more recently, carried a motion relative to the death of the great Frenchman, Gambetta. In 1872, he served the office of Sheriff of London on the occasion of the thanksgiving in St. Paul's (when Her Majesty was present) for the restoration of the health of the Prince of Wales, an event which led to Sir John's being knighted. He is also in the Lieutenancy of the City of London and County of Middlesex, a member of the Spectaclemakers' and Clockmakers' Companies, and last year was Warden of the Loriners' Company, and in acknowledgment of the superior excellence of the watches and clocks which he exhibited at the last Great Paris Exhibition he was made by the French Government a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. He is also, by the favour of the King of Greece, a member of the Order of Our Saviour. As was to be expected, Sir John is especially partial to Paris, where he received such an

honour as that I have already referred to. His lecture on "Paris and the Parisians" should be read by everyone who thinks of paying the French capital a visit.

As a writer Sir John also has been active. Some of his letters which have appeared in *The Times* and elsewhere on the state of the manufactures with which he is the more immediately connected, on the employment of female hands in the business, on the need of improved education, technical or otherwise, for our working classes if we would keep our place in the markets of the world, have done much to arouse the public and create—without which no reform can be accomplished—a healthy and intelligent public opinion.

It is clear Sir John confers more on the City than the City confers on him. Were he an Alderman he would not be one whit more popular. I have been, I blush to say so, at charities where, after the civic dignitaries had departed, considerable amusement has been created by the attempt of the boys and girls to imitate the deeply-cherished Cockney traditions and modes of speech of the illustrious visitors. Girls have been heard to say one to another, "'Oow's yer 'elth?" One rude boy has asked another facetiously as to the state of his "'and." In the case of Sir John no danger would

have to be apprehended on that score. He can speak as correctly as the Duke of Westminster himself, that ideal Lord Mayor of an ideal Corporation, only with a great deal more of force and tact. He has lately devoted his attention to the coming creation of a Municipal Corporation for the Metropolis—a work well worthy of the efforts of our strongest men. In the successful accomplishment of this great enterprise, he will have room to crown the labours of a long and remarkable public life. Once upon a time we had an Alderman who was famous for putting everything down, whether it were pitch-and-toss or manslaughter. Sir John Bennett is one of the men whom it is impossible for any one—not even the Court of Aldermen in solemn conclave met—to put down.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, M.P.

UNDOUBTEDLY there are many advantages attaching to civic life. As iron sharpeneth iron, the contact with men of note and station quickens and expands the intellect. "During the two years that my father resided at the Mansion House," writes the late Lord Hatherley, "I greatly enjoyed the advantages of a good English library there." The society, also, which he met in the Mansion House he tells us was favourable to the development of his mind. There he frequently saw Lord Erskine and Curran, besides judges, bishops, and others of more or less note; but his greatest enthusiasm was excited when the Duke of Wellington dined at the Mansion House, to receive the silver shield presented to him by the merchants of London.

In the same way the subject of this sketch owes much to City training. At fourteen he was taken from Eton—where, Mr. Brinsley Richards tells us, all

the Lubbocks were popular—and sent, not to the Universities to which most Eton students proceed, but to his father's bank in Lombard Street, a bank founded as far back as 1772, where his natural talents were trained perhaps quite as effectively as if he had been shut up in the little world of Oxford or Cambridge. It was thus Samuel Rogers was trained to be a poet, and Grote to write his history of Greece. It was thus Rogers made the acquaintance of Wilkes. "One morning when I was a lad," he writes, "Wilkes came into our counting-house to solicit my father's vote. My father happened to be out, and I, as representative, spoke to Wilkes. At parting Wilkes shook hands with me, and I felt proud of it for a week after."

It is impossible to say what great men are to be met with in a City banker's counting-house, or how potent may be their influence there. One lesson, at any rate, young Lubbock learned in the counting-house, and that was the need of a little more recreation for bankers' clerks and City warehousemen than at that time was accorded them. It was to his experience undoubtedly in early life that we owe the Bank Holiday, which was one of the things he has accomplished during his Parliamentary career—a boon for which all Londoners owe him hearty thanks, and which will long

keep his memory green. We have few modern saints in these latter days, and no one begrudges, especially on a fine Bank Holiday, the subject of this memoir the title of "Saint Lubbock," conferred upon him unanimously by all Christian sects, and with the universal consensus of the people at large. In the calendar of mortals thus elevated Saint Lubbock holds no undistinguished place.

It is not often clever fathers have clever sons. Sir John is in this respect the exception which proves the rule. The father, the third baronet of that name, was for many years Treasurer and Vice-President of the Royal Society—a society which at one time held its headquarters in the City where it originated—and was besides a well-known astronomical and mathematical writer. His works on the "Lunar Theory," "Perturbations of the Planets," "Researches on the Tides," and especially his famous one—"The Theory of Probabilities," which anticipated by many years that of Quetelet, are still quoted as authorities. But the son's leisure studies were chiefly devoted to natural history, for which he had ample opportunity at High Elms, the family seat near Farnborough, Kent. He was a naturalist from his boyhood, and, as it may be well supposed, did not cease to study that science the less when he had for a neighbour and friend no less distinguished

a follower of the study than the illustrious Darwin himself. In old times such studies were not held in very high estimation. Roger writes: "I was taught by my mother from my earliest infancy to be tender and kind towards the meanest living thing, and however people may laugh I sometimes very carefully put a stray gnat or wasp out of the window." But he tells us his friend Lord Holland, though a very kind man, did not mind killing flies or wasps, justifying himself by the remark, "I have no feeling for insects."

When the celebrated Conversation Sharpe was on the Continent, he observed one day a woman amusing her child by holding what he at first thought was a mouse tied by a string, and with which a cat was playing. Sharpe was all indignation at the sight; but on looking more closely he found that the supposed mouse was a small rat, upon which he exclaimed, "Oh, I have no pity for rats." In our time we have changed all that, and a Miss Hopley has had the courage to publish a plea on behalf of snakes. Sir John Lubbock does not go quite so far, and has laboured chiefly on bees, wasps, and ants, both in his lectures before the British Association and at the Royal Society, and by means of his publications, showing in a remarkable manner the way in which insects fertilise flowers by carrying

the pollen from one to another, in search of food. Especially has he distinguished himself by his work on ants, which he claims to rank next to man in the scale of intelligence, on account of their social organisation, their large communities, and elaborate habitations, their roadways, their possession of domestic animals, and even in some cases of slaves. Sir John tells us that he has been led to devote his principal attention to ants, instead of following his original design of making bees the chief subjects of his observations because he "soon found that ants were more convenient for experimental purposes," and because he was led to conclude that besides "being calmer and less excitable," they had also more power and flexibility of mind. He has kept nests of ants by a mode of arrangement which he minutely describes for the purpose of his experiments, and he has one in his room which has been under constant observation for ten years. His experiments, he owns, are scarcely fair upon the ants, for, as he observes, "in their native haunts, and under natural conditions, more especially in warmer climates, they may well be expected not only to manifest a more vivid life, but to develop higher powers." He also remarks that, while we have in this country rather more than thirty kinds, this represents but a very small section of this great insect family, for "ants

become more numerous in species, as well as individuals, in warmer countries, and more than a thousand species are known." This work on ants, bees, and wasps, published in 1882, I look upon as Sir John's *magnum opus*—displaying wonderful research and care, and as teaching us in a remarkable manner the inexhaustible sources of interest that lie about us, even in the humblest departments of the natural world. That a City banker and M.P. should write such a book seems almost incredible.

But as an author Sir John has made his mark in other departments. His remarks on prehistoric times as illustrated by ancient remains, and the manners and customs of modern savages, had reached a third edition in 1870, and his "Origin of Civilisation and the Primitive Condition of Man" has passed through many editions, has been republished in America, and has been translated into most of the Continental languages. That the writer of such books should have abridged the mechanical labour of bankers' clerks by introducing the system of country clearing and thus facilitating business is, to say the least, rather surprising, and shows the versatility of his powers and the extent of his researches. Another of his labours connected with his profession was to establish an examination for bankers' clerks, something similar

to that established by Government under the Civil Service Commissioners. He is also President of the Institute of Bankers, and in Lombard Street you may see him hard at work almost any day.

In Parliament Sir John is an illustration of the fact, contrary to general opinion, that an independent member may do a good deal. On the last night of the present Session previous to the commencement of the Easter recess he managed to beat the Government by a majority of ten on the question of reading his own Bankruptcy Bill a second time. It was not till 1870 that he secured his seat as M.P. for Maidstone, where, however, he was defeated in 1880. In 1865 he stood for West Kent at the request of the Liberal Committee, and was only beaten by a majority of fifty. In 1868 he was nominated as a Liberal candidate for the University of London, backed by a committee of such men as Airy, Babbage, Darwin, Huxley, Lyell, Max Müller, Tyndall, and others, but declined in order that Mr. Lowe might be returned, preferring, unsuccessfully, again to contest West Kent. On the elevation of Mr. Lowe to the peerage, Sir John Lubbock became M.P. for London University. While not taking rank with the great Parliamentary orators, whoever they may be, Sir John has successfully laboured in connection with the Apothecaries' Company Medical Act Amend-

ment Bill, the Bank Holiday Bill, the Falsification of Accounts Bill, the Bankers' Book Evidence Bill, the College of Surgeons Medical Act Amendment Bill, the University of London Medical Act Amendment Bill, the Absconding Debtors Bill, and last, but not least, the Ancient Monuments Bill, intended to preserve monuments of interest—threatened with destruction owing to the stupidity or cupidity or carelessness of the owner—the principle of which is, in the words of the author, that "if the owner of one of these ancient monuments wishes to destroy it he should be required, before doing so, to give the nation the option of purchase at a fair price."

Sir John speaks well, and to the point, succeeding by force of argument and clearness of statement and directness of purpose, rather than by oratorical display. Even in Exeter Hall, where occasionally I have seen him, he is the same, aiming at the heads rather than the passions of his hearers. He is an advanced Liberal, it is true, but no friend to clap-trap nevertheless. Personally his hard work does not seem to have done him much harm. He was born in 1834; it strikes me that he scarcely looks his age. Perhaps that is to be accounted for by his early rising. Whenever it is possible his habit is to get through three or four hours' work before breakfast, and, it is to be presumed, his favourite pursuits have

led him to spend a good deal of time in the open air. Yet, as we have seen, he was early put to business, and was married when he was only twenty-two.

Literary and scientific honours of all kinds have fallen to the share of the City banker. He is Vice-Chancellor of the University of London. He is the mouthpiece of the London bankers in Parliament and before the Government. He was a member of the International Coinage Commission, also of the Public School Commission and of the Royal Commission for the Advancement of Science. He has also to discharge the duties of a county magistrate, an Oxford Doctor of Civil Law, and an LL.D. He is a Fellow of the Royal Linnæan, Geographical, Geological, and Antiquarian Societies. He was President of the Ethnological and Entomological Societies, and of the Anthropological Institute. He has been Vice-President of the British Association. He is a director of the Phœnix Fire Office, of the Pelican Life Assurance Company; also President of the Ray Society and of the Linnæan Society. It is to be questioned whether he could have led a more useful or a more honourable career had he remained at Eton as long as most lads of his class do, and graduated at Oxford or Cambridge rather than in Lombard Street. The City, quite as well as the cloister, it is evident, can make a man.

Perhaps Sir John might have been less industrious, less Liberal, less fitted for public life had he been trained till manhood under, as Barry Cornwall writes,

> Tutors in hall and college,
> Who have a great deal of learning and little knowledge.

MR. JAMES SPICER, J.P.

NONCONFORMITY in the City has a history of which it may well be proud. Its earliest confessors were men of lofty faith, on whom the terrors of the world, the prison, the stake, the loss of country, even of life, were of little avail. City merchants often were their sole protectors, sheltered them in their stately mansions, disseminated their printed works, and frequently helped them to flee to other lands to find a freedom to worship God denied them at home. Somehow or other it was impossible for persecuting prelate or king to stamp them out. The more they were persecuted the better they throve.

"Often was I," writes Edmund Calamy, son of the Rector of Aldermanbury, "young as I was, sent in those days to Newgate New Prison and other places of confinement with small presents of money to such Dissenting ministers as were clapped up.

I used at that time, I well remember, to think it strange that such men as prayed heartily for the King and Government, and gave their neighbours no disturbance, could not be suffered to live in quiet." And the more we think the matter over, the more natural to us seems Calamy's youthful doubt. But rulers at that time had strange fancies in their heads. Now and then there was a lull, and persecution ceased. But, as Dr. Burnett wrote, when a session of Parliament came, and the king wanted money, then a severe law against the Dissenters was offered to the angry men of the Church party as the price of it, and this seldom failed to have an effect, so that they were like the jewels of the Crown, pawned when the king needed money and redeemed at the next coronation.

Nor did the Corporation behave much better. They had a grimly facetious way, when in want of cash, of electing some rich Dissenter to be Sheriff or Lord Mayor, as the case might be, knowing well that he could not qualify himself in conformity with the Test and Corporation Acts. And then he was made to pay a heavy fine, and it is a fact that the money wherewith to build the present Mansion House was partly acquired, as it seemed to our City Fathers, in this vastly facetious manner. But as the world rolled on the absurdity and wickedness of such custom led

to its abolition, and our City Nonconformists have proved themselves by many an act of liberality, by many a lofty life, by many a grand commercial career, by a public spirit surpassed by none, to be not the least distinguished of our famous citizens. We could name hundreds of such at the present day, and on all sides it will be confessed that few more worthy of honour and respect are to be found in our midst than the subject of this present sketch.

Mr. James Spicer is the son of the late John Edward Spicer, of Alton, Hants, where he was born on the 4th of May, 1807, and was thirteen years of age when he came to reside in London with his father, who founded the eminent house of John Edward Spicer and Spicer and Sons, wholesale stationers and paper manufacturers—a business still carried on in a handsome warehouse in Upper Thames Street.

Like most high-spirited young men at that time, he was an ardent reformer, and naturally as a Nonconformist sympathised heartily in the great struggle then being carried on under the leadership of Lord John Russell, who was elected a member of Parliament for Tavistock in 1813, just a month before he came of age, and was true to the lofty traditions of his noble house. During the continuance of the war men readily listened to the saying of Windham, that

it is dangerous to repair one's house in the hurricane season, and thus Lord Sidmouth, Lord Eldon, and other bigoted Tories had very much their own way. Our financial system, as Earl Russell briefly tells us in his "Recollections," was based on the necessity of keeping up an army and navy suited to our high position which, having amounted to one hundred and thirty millions before our American war, had risen to eight hundred and thirty-six millions at the death of George III. In order to defray these expenses the taxation of the country had penetrated to every corner and cranny in an Englishman's life in the manner so humorously and truthfully described by Sidney Smith. With the same object of collecting a large revenue and also of promoting native industry, prohibition and protection pervaded our commercial code. No Roman Catholic could hold high civil office or be admitted to a seat in Parliament. No Protestant Dissenter could hold any official position without sanctioning the degradation which made

> The symbol of atoning grace,
> The key of office, the picklock of a place;

and, last of all, our Parliamentary representation was a mockery and a scandal. In 1828 came the first victory of the reformers. At the request of the vast body of Protestant Dissenters, Lord John

Russell brought forward a motion for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and carried it, to his great surprise, by a majority of forty. Peel, finding himself defeated, after a vain attempt to avoid a total repeal, proposed a useless and futile declaration, which the bishops accepted in the House of Lords, after adding a mischievous barrier against the admission of the Jews in the words, "on the true faith of a Christian," which was subsequently repealed in 1868. As Earl Russell remarks, "It had kept out nobody, and its repeal will admit nobody."

When that great victory of Lord John Russell was achieved, Mr. James Spicer was a spectator in the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons. Naturally he loves to dwell on that incident in his early career, and naturally he took a leading part in the celebration of the jubilee at the Cannon Street Hotel a few years since, and which perhaps, taken all in all, was one of the most distinguished banquets in which I ever participated.

A good deal, however, remained to be done; nearly all the reforms initiated by the victory of Lord John Russell in 1828. Catholic emancipation had to be won. Quakers were to be relieved of their disabilities; on the Jews were to be conferred the rights of citizens. London in all these matters

had to lead the way by the formation of a healthy public opinion, and no London citizen was more active in this respect than Mr. James Spicer.

Equally active also was he in the movement for the abolition of negro slavery in British dominions, which, as we all know, was carried to a successful termination by Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, the great brewer of Spitalfields. Indeed, so deeply was the success of that measure due to Dissenters, that Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton's biographer found it his duty to remind his readers that his father was a sound Churchman after all. As a Congregationalist Mr. James Spicer has been a very famous citizen indeed. When the Congregational Union of England and Wales was founded he was one of its earliest members and an attender at its first sittings. This took place somewhere about 1833. He was afterwards chosen to serve on its working committee, and has ever since been an active and useful member. He was one of the founders of the London Congregational Union, and was chosen its first lay chairman, a pleasing evidence of the value of his services. When, in 1862, the Dissenters determined to celebrate the bicentenary of the Act of Uniformity, and all over the country meetings were held, while sermons suitable to the occasion were delivered in all their chapels,

the crowning part of the affair was the great meeting of the body in St. James's Hall, over which Mr. James Spicer was called upon to preside. On the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the Congregational Union by means of the formation of the Jubilee Fund, to build chapels and to advance the spread of the Gospel in all parts of the kingdom, Mr. James Spicer contributed £5000, and each of his four sons £1000 each.

One of the measures in regard to which Mr. Spicer has taken a leading part has been that of education. In 1843 the whole nation was stirred to its very depth by an attempt on the part of Sir James Graham to promote what was termed a Factories Education Act. The principle of the education measure of 1839 had been to exclude the teaching of doctrinal religion from the schools, and to leave it to the ministers of the respective sects. Sir James rashly interfered with that arrangement, and all England at once was set in a blaze. No sooner had the measure been announced than it was attacked in the columns of *The Leeds Mercury*, and the well-known Dr. Andrew Reed, of London, at once called a meeting on the subject in his vestry at Wycliffe Chapel. A meeting was then held at the Eastern Institution, Stepney, over which Colonel Fox, the M.P. for the Tower Hamlets, presided, and

at which a manifesto was drawn up and adopted, on the motion of Mr. Benjamin Hawes, M.P. for Lambeth, in the presence of many influential members of the House of Commons. Speedily the other districts of the Metropolis followed the example, and a central committee was formed, whose vigorous action moved the whole country.

The committee, which met at "The King's Head" in the Poultry, included delegates from the Society of Friends and the Wesleyans, and the unanimity of their action was only equalled by the promptitude of their measures. Dr. Reed was appointed as their chairman, Mr. James Spicer treasurer, and the late Mr. Henry Dunn secretary, who drew up the first circular, of which 5000 copies were issued. The struggle was hot and sharp, and the Government had to give way. The few M.P.'s who were willing to listen had to be enlightened; the daily press was hostile; even *The Sun* and *The Morning Chronicle* —the two most Liberal papers of the time—saw no danger to civil and religious liberty in the Government measure. The committee taught the people to know better, and by the 9th of May 13,350 petitions had been sent up against the bill; on one night alone their number was 6239, and one was signed by more than 25,000 young men of London. Never had there been such petitioning before. Mr. Byng

said he had never seen anything like it, and the gallant Colonel Sibthorp raised the cry of treason in his anger and alarm. In vain Sir James Graham amended his bill.

"The King's Head" Committee remained firm, and the victory was complete of Mr. Spicer and his friends. It was then felt by the Dissenters that the time had now come to carry on by themselves the work of popular education, and in a few months the sum of £250,000 was subscribed by the Congregationalists alone. It is difficult to describe fully Mr. Spicer's activity and liberality in connection with the body of Dissenters with which he has been so long and so honourably connected. He was the principal means of moving the Meeting House in Hare Court, Aldersgate Street, to Canonbury, where Dr. Raleigh gathered around him a fine congregation, now under the care of the Rev. Mr. Statham.

Again, near his own private residence at Woodford, he was the main instrument in promoting the erection of a new and beautiful chapel, which is not merely an ornament, but also a blessing to the neighbourhood. He also laid the memorial stones of chapels at Wanstead and at Walthamstow and at Romford, and to these and others he has been a liberal contributor. Thus by his liberality

and active exertions a debt of £6000 on the chapel at Stratford was speedily extinguished, to the joy alike of pastor and people.

Upon one occasion, calling at Mr. Spicer's country-house, the gatekeeper's wife said he was not at home. "Where has he gone?" was my natural question. "Oh, to a chapel opening," was the reply.

It is thus Mr. Spicer characteristically spends his time when holiday-making. When the Congregational Colonial Missionary Society was formed—a matter in which the late Thomas Binney took such a deep interest—Mr. James Spicer became its treasurer, an office he fills to the present day. It is said that when Dissenters keep a carriage-and-pair they forget their principles. Mr. James Spicer, and let me also include in the praise his four sons, are an honourable exception to the rule. As a philanthropist, let me add, Mr. James Spicer was a principal instrument in the formation of an asylum for respectable but decayed females in the Stockwell Road.

Equally active is Mr. James Spicer as a London citizen. He was till last year the Treasurer of the City of London Liberal Registration Committee, he is a member of the City Liberal Club, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Equitable Assurance Association, one of the Commissioners of Lieutenancy for

the City of London, and is a Deputy-Lieutenant and J.P. for the county of Essex. He has been twice Prime Warden of the Fishmongers' Company, and had the honour, during his first year of office, of entertaining no less distinguished a guest than the Prince of Wales. It is strange so active and able a Liberal has never found his way into Parliament, but his ambition does not seem to have lain in that direction. It has been enough for him to discharge the duties of citizenship, to labour peacefully in the home and counting-house, to show how much a London merchant prince may do for the welfare of his country, and for the promotion of freedom and religion in his own city, in all parts of our common country, and in that mightier and greater Britain girdling the globe. It is because in all time past London has ever been the home of such that she has become the queen of cities, the emporium of commerce, and the nurse of freedom, and that the oldest and saddest of us may dream with joy—

> Of what the world will be
> When the years have died away!

DR. SAMUEL SMILES.

It has been the boast of England that almost as soon as the art of printing was commenced we got rid of royal patronage, and had a literature for the people. The fact is, we had an English public, and it was soon found out by literary men that it paid better to write for them than for a more select and exclusive and fastidious circle. The mass of the community, educated by our English Bible and our English Shakspere, at any rate knew when a man wrote sense, and with a desire for their mental and moral improvement; hence the existence of a popular literature, ennobling in its aim, plain and earnest in its tone, teaching by practical illustrations admitted truths—that is, truths found in daily use in the struggle of life. Such literature teems with encouraging examples, with homely maxims, with what may occasionally be called common-places; but it is the literature of the home and the fire-side.

It leaves not, as was said by someone or other of French novels, a nasty taste in the mouth. We are the better for reading it, and so are our wives and sons and daughters. It mocks no ancient creeds, it unsettles no established faith. It is never tinged with lurking doubt or dark despair. It appeals to all parties, whether Churchmen or Dissenters, Whigs or Radicals. It is enjoyed alike by the most bigoted defender of our glorious constitution in Church and State, and the most hot-headed disciple of progress, as he loves to call himself.

This is the sort of writing which gave such popularity to Benjamin Franklin, and which, in spite of his politics, made Cobbett such a power in the land; and of this kind of writing the most illustrious and popular example in our day is Dr. Samuel Smiles, whose works have run through more editions than we care to number, and whose name is as familiar in our mouths as a household word. When he first commenced his literary career, no one could ever have anticipated for him such a popularity. I have a faint recollection of an historical work which appeared from his pen in monthly parts, in which evidently there was something more than a dash of Macaulay; but in all the more popular works of Dr. Smiles there is no trace of anything of the kind. He writes clearly, forcibly,

and with literary effect, because he writes out of the fulness of his heart, is no mere copyist, but deals with his subjects in his own way as best he can; while his subjects are popular ones, such as appeal to and interest us all.

Dr. Smiles, it is needless to observe, had to begin at the beginning, and has made his way to public favour by that industry and patient effort without which it is impossible for anyone, however gifted or favoured by fortune, to make his mark with the public. He was born in Haddington, in 1802, and was originally trained, like his distinguished fellow-countryman, Sir James Mackintosh, for the medical profession, and it is to his credit that so closely did he study at the University of Edinburgh that he successfully passed his examination and settled in his native town as a medical man by the time he was twenty years of age. It is said a prophet is not honoured in his native land. It was so in the case of Dr. Smiles, who had to earn a living, and who had to do so, medical practice failing him, by lecturing on practical chemistry, and in writing articles for an Edinburgh newspaper.

About that time *The Leeds Times*, a Radical newspaper, was in want of an editor. It had been edited by Robert Nicoll, "Scotland's purer Burns,"

as one of his admirers termed him. Nicoll, as we all know, perished, like Lycidas, ere his prime, and Dr. Smiles succeeded to the vacant post. Those were stormy times for newspaper editors. England in that day was waking up to the injustice of the Corn Laws, to the claims of the people, and to the need of political, social, and moral reform. At that time Cobden and Bright were rising into power, and they needed on their side the influence of the Press. It is true Leeds had, and still has, a leading paper, *The Leeds Mercury*, founded by Mr. Edward Baines, and which, under the superintendence of his son, the present Sir Edward, was a power in the land when Dr. Smiles was in his cradle; but Leeds had a large Radical element in its midst, and for them *The Leeds Times* was called into existence.

It is difficult to understand the excitement of the times when Dr. Smiles entered the political arena—when the Free Traders and the Chartists filled the air with their oratory, when Carlyle wrote bitter things of England's rosy-cheeked country squires, when Lord Shaftesbury—then Lord Ashley—was fighting the battle of the factory operative, when at one time it seemed as if a physical force revolution was about to dye the land with blood. Happily right and justice triumphed, and England entered on a mar-

vellous career of peace and prosperity, the effects of which we feel to this day.

Dr. Smiles has no reason to be ashamed of his newspaper career; but, unfortunately, the salary of the editor was unequal to the requirements of the married state, and Dr. Smiles became assistant secretary to the Leeds and Thirsk Railway—a company subsequently amalgamated with the North Eastern Railway. In this capacity he quite got rid of the idea cherished in many quarters, that literary men are quite unfit for business. On the contrary, he showed such talent in that respect that at a later period he became secretary of the National Provident Institution, in Gracechurch Street, of which Sir Charles Reed at that time was chairman. Another advantage resulting from this engagement was that it led to the "Life of Mr. George Stephenson," the railway engineer, a work which speedily went through many editions, and which may now be described as a standard work. That, however, was by no means the first effort of Dr. Smiles in the way of authorship. He had already written a treatise on "Physical Education for Children," and had compiled "A History of Ireland."

Practice makes perfect, in literature as in other matters. Dr. Smiles had acquired material in his "Life of Stephenson" for another work bearing on the subject, which he published under the title of "The

Lives of the Engineers." A work on railway reform, at a later period, showed how interested he was in the question, and with what care he had studied it and mastered its details. Then came his crowning work, "Self-Help," a book the manliness of which has led to its being universally read, and which has done much to foster in the minds of our youth that spirit of self-help, of relying on their own resources, of calling forth their own energies, of doing without Government aid, which has ever been the leading characteristic of the English race. Perhaps one of the most interesting things connected with this book was the effect it produced on other nations; for instance, in Italy an Italian version went through several editions, and did much to rouse the spirit of the people. Its idea was a novelty for Italians, and the moral it inculcated was so eminently deserving of being enforced on all classes, that the question soon arose in that country whether it would not be advisable to extend the sphere of its utility by promoting the publication of a similar book specially designed for Italian readers, and in which the examples of patient industry and untiring perseverance in the pursuit of a fixed design should be drawn from home materials. Accordingly an association founded in Florence, with the express object of stimulating the educational movement

among the people, offered a handsome prize for the best work of the kind, and a popular Italian writer, Professor Lessona, at once entered the lists and published his work without waiting for the award of the committee. No sooner had General Menabrea become Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, than he sent a circular on the subject to all the Italian consuls abroad, referring to what Dr. Smiles had done in that respect.

Rarely indeed has an author been so honoured in his lifetime as Dr. Smiles. In 1878 the Edinburgh University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. And in 1881, on the occasion of the Centenary of George Stephenson's birth, which was celebrated on a large scale in London, Chesterfield, and Newcastle, a Centenary edition of the "Life of Stephenson" was published in a cheap form, and thus one of the most stimulating stories ever written, of plodding and victorious energy, was placed within the reach of all classes of society, the poor as well as the rich. In his industrial biographies Dr. Smiles, it was clear, had hit upon a rich vein of ore, and worked it with great success.

As *The Times* reviewer said of him, he has the art of biography, which is by no means so easy of attainment as some people fancy. But the doctor is not only a successful workman: he has had the

skill to occupy an entirely new field of work. Occasionally, however, the doctor has ventured on a fresh line, as in his interesting work, "The Huguenots; Their Settlements, Churches, and Industries in England and Ireland." This was but a deviation for a while; Dr. Smiles soon returned with increased zest to his first love. His "Life of George Moore," the rich merchant and philanthropist, though undertaken somewhat reluctantly at the request of Mrs. Moore, was a great success; and in his account of "Robert Dick, Baker, of Thurso, Geologist and Botanist," he found a hero after his own heart. His later work, the "Biography of David Nasmyth," is, however, little more than an editing of the autobiography of a man who had led a singularly remarkable career, who had achieved a great scientific and commercial reputation, and who describes his own life in a way which in reality left very little for the editor to do. Perhaps it was quite as well that it was so. In the life of Dick, Dr. Smiles seemed to show signs of falling off, as if the writer had become careless—as was natural under the circumstances of the case. A successful author is apt to forget that the public expect him to do his best to the very last.

Dr. Smiles has by no means confined himself to book-making. He has had much to do in advocating the claims of railway servants; he has been a fre-

quent Quarterly Reviewer, and occasionally a writer in other first-class periodicals; and only recently he published in one of them an interesting account of the Rev. J. S. Henslow, M.A., the distinguished botanist and Suffolk clergyman. Hale and hearty, it is to be hoped that the worthy doctor may be enabled to do good service to the State for some time to come. His enjoyment of life is great, and he is much given to travelling on the Continent. It was feared that when he retired from the National Provident Institution, some ten years ago, in consequence of ill-health, he would never more be able to use his pen. Happily for himself, his family, and the world, the reverse has proved to be the case.

THE LATE MR. W. SPOTTISWOODE.

Few people nowadays, I fancy, read Andrew Marvel's writings. As Carlyle writes, "All Puritanism has grown inarticulate; its fervent preachings, prayings, and pamphletings are sunk into one indiscriminate moaning hum—mournful as the voice of subterranean winds." And yet there are things in Andrew Marvel worth reading, inasmuch as, to continue in Carlylian phrase, they touch the eternal melodies, and harmonise with them. What can be more effective, for instance, than Marvel's invective against printing? "The press," he writes, "(that villainous engine), invented much about the same time as the Reformation, hath done more mischief to the discipline of our Church than the doctrine can make amends for. Happy was the time," continues Marvel, in his usual vein of banter, "when all learning was in manuscript; when some little officer did keep the keys of the library; when the clergy needed no more know-

ledge than to read the liturgy, and the laity no more clerkship than to save them from hanging. Oh, printing!" exclaims Marvel, "how hast thou disturbed the peace of mankind! That lead when moulded into bullets is not so mortal as when formed into letters.

"There was a mistake sure in the story of Cadmus, and the serpents' teeth which he sowed were nothing else but the letters which he invented. The first essay that was made towards this art was in single characters upon iron wherewith of old they stigmatised slaves and remarkable offenders, and it was of good use sometimes to brand a schismatic; but a bulky Dutchman diverted it quite from its first institution, and, contriving those innumerable *syntagmes* of alphabets, hath pestered the world ever since with the gross bodies of their German divinity."

Printers, as was to be expected under the circumstances, have done much to battle with ignorance, and superstition, and science falsely so called. They were the teachers of humanity. The devil himself has no such enemy as printer's ink. As it works, fertilising the nations, you can see its beneficent effects by the light and life which everywhere appear. The roll of great printers at home and abroad is a grand one. In all Europe I know no more deeply suggestive spot than that quaint old

Plantinus Museum, which no one should ever visit the ancient city of Antwerp without going to see; but the foreign printers were chiefly men of letters, at the best. Our English-speaking communities have improved on that—witness the scientific labours of a Franklin, and the still higher scientific position of a William Spottiswoode, President of the Royal Society, an honour well deserved, and of which a man may well be proud.

The Spottiswoodes have long been famous as City printers. In that region lying between Fetter Lane and Farringdon Street on the one side and bounded by Holborn and Fleet Street on the other, you see no end of printing offices; and between one and two the place is almost impassable for printers' devils at play. Here you see the name of Spottiswoode and Co., New Street Square. In another street you come to the historic firm of Spottiswoode and Eyre; against whom, as holders of a Bible monopoly, old Dr. Campbell, of the Tabernacle, John Childs, of Bungay, the great East Anglian printer, and Dr. Adam Thomson, of Coldstream, waged a long and bitter war. Then in East Harding Street, Fetter Lane, is Her Majesty's printing office—and there might have been seen Mr. William Spottiswoode—a dark, grave, student-like, but aristocratic-looking person, more suggestive of

Roger Bacon and other students of old and misty times than of the wideawake, pushing man of business all of the modern time. A good deal of work goes on there of a mechanical kind. Her Majesty has a good deal of printing done—some of it, alas! very wearisome to read, and of little account.

The business is evidently an old-established one. It has got quite an old-fashioned air. As you enter, the furniture and fitting-up have all an ancient look. It is to be presumed Mr. Spottiswoode had a father, and that sometimes is an immense blessing. However, that may be, one is glad to see old printing offices, as well as new ones. New firms sprang up, but that is no reason why the old firms should die off. There is plenty of room for all. For one reader of printed matter when the Spottiswoodes began printing I should say we had a hundred now, and the demand for printed matter, good, bad, or indifferent, will be greatly increased when we see the effect of the Board Schools on the children of to-day —who will be the workmen of to-morrow. Whatever may be the changes impending on society, the printing press is safe. Not only so—in the presence of the discordant utterances of quack politicians, the flaming patriot, whose patriotism exists mainly in his doing his duty to number one, enlightened friend

of the people (that is, so long as the people subscribe to keep him) with blind leaders of the blind filling the air with their discordant voices, the printing press, we may be sure, will have increased influence and power.

A few particulars as to the firm may interest the reader. It appears that Queen Anne, in 1713, established Benjamin Tooke, of Fleet Street, and John Barber, Queen's printers for thirty years. Their business appears to have been purchased by a printer called Beckett, who obtained a renewal of the patent for the unprecedented term of sixty years, in the year 1730, and also had conferred upon him the additional privilege of supplying Parliament with stationery. Half of the printing patent—it does not quite appear whether that for stationery was also included—he sold to Charles Eyre, whose name is still preserved in the title of the present firm of Queen's printers, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode. Eyre shortly after farmed or sub-let his quota of the monopoly to William Strahan.

In 1770 extensive premises were erected in Printer Street, New Street Square, near the present mammoth concern of the Spottiswoodes. Whether as a cause or result of the matrimonial connection, we cannot say, but the first occasion on which the

name of Spottiswoode is introduced into the joint concern is somewhere about 1774, when we find a Spottiswoode marrying one of Strahan's daughters. This Spottiswoode was himself the son of a London solicitor. Strahan was the son of a Scotch Custom-house officer, and came up to London immediately on serving his apprenticeship. He worked his way to wealth and distinction. On the death of Andrew Millar, he joined Cadell, who had been Millar's servant first and partner afterwards. All three were from "Caledonia, stern and wild."

Cadell and Strahan published some of the best and most lucrative works of their times. Amongst others, now more or less forgotten, except by book-worms, were the *magna opera* of Hume, Gibbon, Adam Smith, Principal Robertson, and Professor and Justice Blackstone, over whose chambers in the Temple, Goldsmith, who lived above him, and his convivial cronies, used to make such a terrible rout. When the last volume of Gibbon's matchless history was published, it chanced to be on the brilliant and obese author's fifty-first birthday. The double festival was celebrated by a dinner, given by Cadell in his own house in Great New Street. The recitation of complimentary stanzas by William Hayley, who afterwards became Poet Laureate, was one of the incidents of the jubilant day. Strahan, the bosom friend of

Johnson, and who died the year after him, sat in Parliament for the nine years immediately preceding his death, and Johnson glorified in his friend's elevation. Boswell was equally delighted. When Strahan set up a coach and pair, Bozzy wrote: "A printer having acquired a fortune sufficient to keep his coach is a topic for the credit of literature."

Early in this century Eyre and Spottiswoode became King's printers. The Spottiswoodes have good or at any rate old blood in their veins. They are or were the Spottiswoodes of Spottiswoode, in Berwickshire. The present head of the house, Lady Alicia Anne, being the only child of her father, married in 1836 Lord John Douglas Montague Scott, only brother of the present Duke of Buccleuch. But she retained, and her husband, who died in 1860, acquired the name of Spottiswoode. This was in conformity with the terms of her father's will. She owns an English as well as a Scottish domain. This is Cawston Lodge, Dumchurch, Warwickshire. Her husband sat for the county.

Printers of the Bible for the best part of this century, the founders of the family in the reigns of Robert the Bruce and his son David II.—days long before the invention of printing—were great benefactors of the Abbeys of Kelso and Melrose. Several other heads and cadets of the line were

notable personages in Scottish history. One was Lord Chancellor of Scotland. He was beheaded for fighting under Montrose, and for the Stuarts, at the battle of Philiphaugh. His son was one of the most eminent jurists that "the north countree" has ever produced, and first professor of law in the University of Edinburgh. Another member of the family was a general in the service of George II., who became governor of the Colony of Virginia, where he died. John Spottiswoode, Archbishop of Glasgow and St. Andrew's, crowned King Charles I. at Holyrood House. He was the most eminent member of the family; and, like his illustrious namesake, the famous citizen, is buried in Westminster Abbey.

But it is of Mr. William Spottiswoode, not the printer of East Harding Street, but the illustrious head of that illustrious body, the Royal Society, originally founded, be it remembered, in the City, and for a long time meeting in Crane Court, that I would write. He has a town residence in Grosvenor Place, and a summer house near Sevenoaks. His studio or library, as he calls it, is not a large room, but elegantly fitted up and filled with the choicest works, all in the costliest bindings. A man is known by his books, and not merely so, but by the state in which they are kept. Mr. Spottiswoode is as much a man of wealth as of science. Everything in the

room shows that. The house is full of artistic treasures—*bric-à-brac* and pictures. At the same time one gathers from the appointments of the library that its owner has an eye to comfort.

Mr. Spottiswoode usually conducts his correspondence and writes his papers at a small davenport, on which the light falls obliquely, but he gets through the mass of his letters by means of the type-writing machine. It does not save him time, he says, but it saves him fatigue, for when one hand is tired he can use the other. Mr. Spottiswoode is an early riser, I believe; at any rate, it was his habit some years ago to rise early and spend some hours in his library writing and working problems before ordinary people were ready for breakfast. Like most scientific men, he is a man of regular and methodical habits, and gets through a vast amount of work every day without hurry or fuss. There is a physical laboratory in the house fitted up with electrical and other scientific instruments, where he conducts his experiments and keeps an assistant constantly at work. It also boasts the possession of the largest induction coil in the world.

A friend writes to me: "You should ask Mrs. Spottiswoode to let you see the workshop. It used to be a visitors' bedroom, and I have an especial affection for it, as it is the room where I slept for more than

a week once when Mr. Spottiswoode invited me to London to stay at his house. I was then living in an obscure village in the north—a poor Dissenting minister, supporting myself and family as best I could on considerably less than £200 a year. Very few men knew me. Mr. Spottiswoode had met with some of my papers on the 'Theory of Quintics and Differential Equations,' and hearing that I was engaged on an article for a review which would involve research, invited me to his house that I might have access to the British Museum and Royal Society. There I was introduced to the leaders of science, and formed friendships which have been of the greatest advantage to me. Considering that I was a non-University man and unknown to fame, it was a generous thing of a man so highly placed to give me this lift," a remark in which all my readers will agree, and which places the President of the Royal Society in a singularly pleasing light.

But to return to the house, which is the scene of the gatherings of the Royal Society and of all the illuminati at home and abroad. The largest room, now lit up with the electric light, and, like the laboratory, situated on the ground floor, is devoted to substantial refreshments, while the library is utilised as a tea-room. It is to be remembered that the guests are philosophers, not

Aldermen, and that while the refreshment is of the best, the object of the gathering is intellectual rather than physical enjoyment. It is an assembly unique in character and unparalleled anywhere in London. These "At Homes," as they are called, generally last about a couple of hours, and are devoted to the free interchange of thought on scientific and other questions. Occasionally, when there is anything very new and startling in scientific discovery, it is shown in the laboratory. The number of guests thus gathered together number between two and three hundred, and include the highest men of science and others distinguished in other departments of mental activity, who are generally invited in detachments, of course the main bulk being Mr. Spottiswoode's personal friends among the Fellows of the Royal Society.

At these *réunions* you meet Cabinet ministers and eminent statesmen of the most opposite views —for science knows nothing of the distinctions of party or of sect—foreign ambassadors, travellers, and artists of world-wide fame. Perhaps in no house in all fashionable London in the height of the season is there such a brilliant assemblage. These receptions are given in a splendid suite of rooms on the first floor, as the Londoners say. There are to be seen at them the Huxleys, Tyndalls,

Herbert Spencers, Cayleys, and such men. Sylvester and Darwin and Professor Clifford were regular attendants. Sometimes the "At Home" was preceded by a dinner, to which a select few were invited. In one respect Mr. Spottiswoode is exceptionally fortunate. His lady is a delightfully affable woman—wishing to make all her guests happy, and is delighted to know how her husband is appreciated by his scientific and learned friends. Mr. Spottiswoode also does not forget—let the fact be recorded to his credit—his workpeople. On more than one occasion he gave them a series of lectures on optics and other scientific topics of the most interesting character. At another time he got up an entertainment for them with the help of his children—not a few distinguished philosophers and men of science watching with interest the proceedings. Poor Clifford was there on the occasion of which I write, entering as heartily into the acting of the children as if he were one of them. There at such times were to be seen Nonconformists, such as the Rev. Robert Harley, late of Mill Hill, now of the Huddersfield College, and others scattered all over the land were ever ready to attend at the bidding of the President of the Royal Society; and it is to the credit of the Royal Society that it has such a man at its head rather than an ornamental

duke or member of the Royal Family. The scientific world has its princes as well as the world of fashion, and Mr. Spottiswoode is one of them; and thus shines for awhile—something more than

The comet of a season.

Mr. William Spottiswoode, who died, alas! after the above had appeared, was born in London, 1825, and was educated at Laleham, under Dr. Buckland, and afterwards at Harrow, where he gained the Lyons Scholarship. In 1842 he entered Balliol College, Oxford, with his B.A. degree, and in 1846 and 1847 gained the University Mathematical Scholarship. In 1845 he left college to enter the house of Eyre and Spottiswoode, in which his father, Andrew Spottiswoode, was a partner. In 1856 he made a journey to Russia, of which he published an account, under the title of "A Tarantasse Journey through Eastern Russia." In 1857 he was public examiner in Mathematics at Oxford, and also acted as examiner under the Civil Service Commission during its first year of operation. In 1860, in company with his brother, he travelled through Croatia and Hungary, and in the following year married the eldest daughter of the late William Urquhart Arbuthnot, a distinguished member of the Indian Council. He published the result of the

researches on the Polarisation of Light originally in 1874. In 1871 he succeeded the late Dr. Bence Jones as honorary secretary of the Royal Institution. In 1878 he was elected President of the British Association at Dublin, and delivered a famous opening address on the subjects open for scientific investigation. He only frequented one club, the X Club, which holds its meetings at St. George's Hotel, Albemarle Street. There are only nine members —Sir Joseph Hooker, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Professors Tyndall, Frankland, Huxley, Busk, and Hurst, and Mr. Spottiswoode. Of these hilarious meetings, according to *The World*, Mr. Spottiswoode and Professor Huxley were the life and soul. Mr. Spottiswoode was Treasurer of the British Institution from 1861 to 1874, of the Royal Institution from 1865 to 1873, and of the Royal Society from 1871 to 1878. As to his honours, they are too numerous to record. He was a Master of Arts and Doctor of Laws of Oxford, and Honorary D.C.L. of Edinburgh and Dublin. He was a corresponding member of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, a Fellow of the Astronomical, Chemical, Geographical, Physical, Asiatic, and Ethnological Societies, and was a frequent contributor to the journals of those learned bodies.

MR. GEORGE WILLIAMS.

May, in the Metropolis, is celebrated for its religious meetings, held not alone in Exeter Hall, but wherever a fitting site can be selected. It is difficult to say when they begin, or how long they last. The May Meeting-goers give quite a colour to the streets—they fill our omnibuses and railway carriages. They are to be met with in all the hotels, and give a fresh impulse to the trade of the restaurants. They block the entrance to the lobby of the House of Commons, and while they avoid the theatres, they swell the crowds to be met with in the Zoo, or at the Crystal Palace, or at Madame Tussaud's. They are to be known at once by the rusticity of their dress and the enthusiasm of their faces. They come to London and take us by storm. They go back to the country to tell what they have seen and heard. In spite of the philosopher and the secularist, they are a power in the land. To such the name of Mr.

George Williams, of St. Paul's Churchyard, is very dear. It was he who, with Mr. Morley, M.P., and one or two others, paid their thousands that Exeter Hall, then threatened with destruction (to the builder, as to the sapper and the navvy, there is nothing sacred), might remain a joy for ever to the Christian pilgrim in every quarter of the world; and, besides, he is the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association, which has its headquarters in Exeter Hall, and its branches in almost every town and city in the Old World or the New.

Few City men have led a more useful life—few City men are better known. I have heard Americans say they have come all the way from America to see Mr. Williams. Many a young man now making his way in the world has been saved from vice, and misery, and ruin—has been taken by the hand and made a man of directly or indirectly by means of the life and labours of Mr. George Williams. In the old-fashioned Book, in which many believe still, there is something about a man's being diligent in business, faithful in spirit, serving the Lord. Mr. Williams is a man of that class. The City is full of men who have risen from small beginnings to the possession of great wealth. It is easy for a man to make a fortune if he has the requisite self-denial and perseverance, and the tact

to take the tide in his affairs which commonly comes to all. It is more difficult to do as Mr. Williams has done—spend money as freely as he has made it for what is truly to him the benefit of his fellow-creatures and the honour of his God.

What father of a family has not at some time or other paid a visit to the great establishment, dear to all female hearts whether saints or sinners, in St. Paul's Churchyard? Dr. Watts tells us:

> The art of dress did ne'er begin
> Till Eve our mother learnt to sin.

Be that as it may, the art may be said to have reached its climax in our day, and perhaps there are no more artistic illustrations of it than those behind the plate-glass windows in St. Paul's Churchyard, in front of which, on a fine summer's day, the handsomest of London matrons and the prettiest of London's daughters may be found. Be careful, dear sir, how you enter, especially should the wife of your bosom be by your side. If you are a wise man you will leave her to do the shopping alone, having previously supplied her with the modest sum you may deem equal to the emergency. The house, which has existed since 1835, though much increased of late years, is known to the trade as medium high-class, and while all feminine requirements in the way of apparel are

catered for, it is especially devoted to silks, mantles, millinery, and lace work, and costumes for specialities connected with which the firm has won medals from the exhibitions at London, Vienna, Amsterdam, and Philadelphia. In the British and Foreign dress departments, a large business is done, and to St. Paul's Churchyard the belles of Canada, Australia, and the Cape are under especial obligations. I am told that as many as 400 hands are employed in the spacious mantle, millinery, and costume factories connected with the establishment, and on the premises there are about 600 young men, and as much as possible the place is made for them a home. Chaplains are retained to conduct morning services, previous to the commencement of the duties of the day. A medical man attends daily to look after the bodies. For the studious there is a well-furnished library, and the youths have their football and cricket clubs. Interest in religious work is kept up by means of a Young Men's Missionary Society, while a City missionary is employed in promoting the moral and spiritual welfare of the factory hands. Of course there is always a little danger attaching to this kind of thing—that it may be overdone and that young men may act from interested motives. At the same time fathers and mothers, who have a vivid sense of the dangers and license of London streets, are thankful

to have their lads under the protection which exists in the great establishment in St. Paul's Churchyard. An employer of labour has his responsibilities, which he cannot get rid of by shutting his eyes. It is positively awful to be told that there are some firms in London who expect the young girls in their employ not to be in the house on a Sunday. One can scarcely credit the existence of men thus criminally careless of the morals of those whom they are bound to protect.

In 1841, Mr. Williams entered the establishment of which he is now the honoured head. Originally he came from Somersetshire, but, like most lads of talent and ambition, he reached London, married the daughter of his employer, Mr. Hitchcock, and extended the business, which originally was founded on Ludgate Hill, greatly. The late Mr. Hitchcock was a man of great piety, and was the first treasurer of the Young Men's Christian Association, of which Mr. George Williams is undoubtedly the leading spirit. When that society was formed—and in connection with it one must never forget the useful services of Mr. Edwin Shipton—it was estimated that there were possibly about 150,000 young men in London either as clerks in banks, counting-houses, or in the offices of professional men or assistants in the various departments of the wholesale and retail trade.

The commercial assistants generally lived in the houses in which they were employed, and had little to be thankful for. At times, though they commenced work before eight in the morning, the task of the day did not end till long after midnight. In very few houses was there any sitting-room provided beyond the place of refreshment, and that was often the kitchen of the servants.

David Hume tells us all the sciences have a relation to one another. A similar remark holds good as regards religion. Men who are anxious about the souls of those under their care are generally equally anxious about their bodies. Since the Young Men's Christian Association has sprung into existence, there has been a marked improvement as regards their physical well-being. The Early Closing Association had in its young days the most untiring support of the firm of which Mr. Williams is the head. In an old magazine, dated 1845, we read the following: "We have just received the first report of the Young Men's Christian Association. It may be considered as one of the first fruits of the Metropolitan Drapers' Association, an association originated to promote early closing, and promises to be eminently useful in spreading the blessings of religion among that hitherto neglected class of young men—the drapers' assistants. At any rate, the two associations have a good deal to do with

each other, aim at the welfare of the same class, and are supported by the same great City firms."

The Young Men's Christian Association is described as aiming at the improvement of the young men engaged in the drapery and other trades, by the introduction of religious services among them. I find the first report was read at a meeting of the members and friends in Radley's Hotel, November 8th, 1844, at which about 200 young men were present. It stated that the Association was formed in June, 1844, and had already effected much good. There were about seventy enrolled members. Religious services had been established in sixteen houses, into ten of which they had been introduced through the instrumentality of the Association. Subsequently I find the committee resolved to appoint a missionary to visit the different parts of the Metropolis and endeavour to form district associations, to visit the different houses in the trade, to recommend the establishment of religious services, to visit young men in illness, and to attend generally to the spiritual wants of the class.

Nearly forty years have elapsed, and now the Young Men's Christian Association has its headquarters in Exeter Hall, and vigorous branches in Aldersgate Street and other parts of the City; has its agencies reaching all over England, Scotland, and Ireland, and has held its conferences in all parts

of the old world or the new. The Association aims to be all that a young man needs. It finds the young man from the country a home where he may spend his leisure hours, if possible a situation if he requires one, suitable companions, abundant reading, classes of all kinds where he can study French, German, mathematics, chemistry, or whatever he may wish to know, lectures worth listening to, and Christian work if he will engage in it. There is a freemasonry among the members in Canada, in Australia, in America. A member may land as a stranger, but let him seek out the offices of the Young Men's Christian Association, either in the Colonies or on the Continent, or in any part of England, Scotland, or Ireland, and he at once finds friends to give him advice and aid. In connection with this association, Mr. Williams has travelled all over England and the Continent, and crossed the Atlantic to attend the great convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations held there. He has been an ardent labourer in many good works. He is ever ready to aid in such good efforts as those of Mr. J. Charrington in the East of London. He is a pillar of the London City Mission. He is a champion of temperance. He shakes his head at the mere thought of a cigar.

But the main work to which Mr. Williams has

given most of his time and money, is in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association. In London, it is difficult to see how they would get on without him. He is standing chairman of the far-famed early breakfast held in the merry month of May and Christmas morning, for many a one would be dark and dull were it not for the breakfast over which Mr. Williams genially presides. Perhaps he is there to be seen at his best, his face beaming with good nature, his tongue eloquent on the highest aspects of the day, and his heart overflowing with good wishes for all around. In the way of expenditure on behalf of young men perhaps, Mr. Williams is most princely, at any rate. His latest act in this respect was the purchase of a sea-side holiday house for City young men at Margate, which was opened by the Earl of Shaftesbury, and which is called Shaftesbury House. It may be mentioned, that, already Mr. Williams had exerted himself in that way, and Harewood House, Ryde, with its constant influx of young men from the City, needing rest and sea air, is a standing evidence of his thoughtfulness and liberality.

Mr. Williams, it may be mentioned, is a Churchman, though I have seen him presiding at meetings of Dissenters of all denominations, and subscribing freely to their funds; but at one time he

was an attendant at the Weigh House Chapel, and to its pastor, that king among men, the late Thomas Binney, undoubtedly he owes much. It is not for me to seek the causes of Mr. Williams' success in trade. That is self-evident to anyone who has ever visited St. Paul's Churchyard. A more interesting question is as to the secret of his success as a religious power amongst young men. Well, that also is equally self-evident; he always looks happy—as if religion did not make his pleasures less. By too many religion is presented to the young as a thing associated with solemn countenances and sepulchral voices,

> Just as if our Maker,
> The God of goodness, was an undertaker.

as old Peter Pindar wrote. Addison tells us how a student was frightened at Oxford as old Goodwin, with a funereal voice and look, in the darkening gloom of a winter's eve, asked him if he were prepared to die. It is not thus Mr. G. Williams talks about religion to young men.

SIR DONALD CURRIE, M.P.

A LITTLE while ago everyone was talking of the *Pembroke Castle,* and Sir Donald Currie and his illustrious guests, including Mr. Gladstone and the Poet Laureate. I happened to be near her, and it seemed to me that a good deal of excitement was created as she slowly made her way along the Thames to the East India Basin, Blackwall. When moored there she seemed to quite fill up the Basin. I remember lunching on board the *Grantully Castle* —which ship had the honour of bearing Cæsar and his fortunes on a previous cruise in the north of Scotland—and it was then that, for the first time, I came in contact with the far-famed Donald Currie, a light-haired Scot, in the prime of life, who as chairman presided on the occasion, and who certainly performed his part with credit and renown. Since then he has achieved honours of which he and we little dreamed at the time.

Perhaps never since Noah sailed in the Ark has a ship of any kind had such a distinguished party on board as that which lunched on the *Pembroke Castle* the day after her arrival in Denmark; and it will be long before Sir Donald Currie, and his friends, and his *employés* great and small, will forget that on that occasion Royalty proposed his health. It is needless to say that the Premier enjoyed immensely the hospitality of Sir Donald Currie.

He had two cabins, opening one into the other, to himself, and as the cabins are on deck, and built forward—not aft, as is the case now in most steamers intended for hot climates, he had plenty of fresh air. Mrs. Gladstone slept in the cabin opposite, and Miss Gladstone just behind her. The Poet Laureate and his son had cabins on the other side of the ship; and all the cabins, of which there are about fifty, are fitted up with beds on a new principle, that shut up against the wall in the daytime, so as to give the passenger a little more accommodation. The dining-saloon, to one accustomed to the regular passenger-ships of the Cunard and other lines, to say nothing of the *City of Rome*, seems rather small; but the fact is, the *Pembroke Castle* is built for cargo as well as for passengers, though she can accommodate, in addition to her first-class

passengers, about a hundred steerage and a hundred second-class. She has four masts, eight boats, and is fitted up in the best manner possible, and as her upper part is all painted white, she is as clean and bright as any gentleman's or nobleman's yacht. The smoking-room on deck is lined with marble, with gilt flowers engraved on the sides. I have been in larger ones, but it is a gem in its way, and it may interest the reader to know that it was set apart for half-an-hour after every meal for the special use of the Poet Laureate. Mr. Gladstone is not a smoker, but it is needless to say most of the rest of the party were. As a set off, however, it must be observed that he on board as on shore was the life and soul of the dinner party—in this respect offering a strong contrast to the late Lord Beaconsfield—and enjoyed his glass of wine; but not that cheap and refreshing drink vended by Mr. H. R. Williams, of Lime Street, known as the Gladstone Claret. The Poet Laureate helped to contribute to the amusement and edification of the party by occasional readings of his own poems. Mr. Gladstone only read the lessons at the Sunday services, where his nephew, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Lyttleton, officiated. The Premier was much given to promenading the deck with a shawl wrapped round his shoulders (refusing other preventives against cold on the plea

that he never caught cold at sea), and while on the upper deck had always the use of the captain's cabin. When he left the *Pembroke Castle* the crew were called together, and he made them a short speech of thanks, while Mrs. Gladstone went round and shook hands with them all.

The distinguished party were singularly favoured with the weather. It was only once that the wind occasioned any alteration of plan, and that was just after they started, when they were on the Scotch coast. At Kirkwall they were detained a little owing to slight fogs, and when they came to the Nore they anchored for the night, though the pilot is said to have regretted that, as the night turned out to be clear, he did not at once make his way up the Thames. No one seems to have been sea-sick, though once or twice, as a precaution against the visitation of so distressing a malady, Mr. Gladstone is said to have laid down. One could write a good deal about the crew and the Captain (Harrison) of the *Pembroke Castle*, all of them fine specimens of the British tar—a breed, it is to be trusted, that may never become extinct.

But a word or two must be said of Sir Donald Currie himself, who was born at Greenock, in 1825, where he commenced his business career in a ship-owner's office. About the age of eighteen he emigrated, Scotchmanlike, to Liverpool, and in a

short time was placed on the staff of the Cunard Company, and in 1846 was appointed their agent at Havre and Paris, with the special object of establishing a line of steamers between Havre and Liverpool, for the purpose of taking traffic from France to America, *vid* Liverpool. So successfully did Sir Donald do his work that it continues to this day.

After spending six or seven years in France, Sir Donald returned to Liverpool, in order to assist in the active management of the Cunard Company's business there. In 1851 he married the daughter of John Miller, Esq., of Liverpool and Ardencraig, Bute, and in 1862 established his "Castle" Line of sailing ships between Liverpool and Calcutta, sailing these vessels on fixed advertised days, a novelty at that time, and after two years of successful work in that way he came to London, finding it better to have his head-quarters in London rather than in Liverpool. He also became a partner in the Leith, Hull, and Hamburg Steam Packet Company and in other steamers trading between London and Hamburg. In 1872 Sir Donald Currie established his famous "Castle" Line of steamers between England and South Africa, with which his name has since been most closely identified. The latest achievement of the company is a contract to carry the Portuguese mails to the East Coast of Africa. In 1875 Sir

Donald was elected chairman of the committee appointed to represent the ship-owners of the United Kingdom in dealing with the proposed changes in the laws affecting the Mercantile Marine, and took a prominent part in the discussions which resulted in the amendment of the Merchant Shipping Act by the Government of the day. In other ways Sir Donald exerted himself for the benefit of the empire. His connection with South Africa had brought him into relation with President Brand, of the Orange Free States, and other leading men there, and enabled him to enter into successful negotiations on behalf of the Home Government for the settlement of the dispute relative to the ownership of the diamond-fields and the boundaries of the Free State. In recognition of the services rendered by him on this occasion he received the decoration of Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George from Lord Beaconsfield's Government, and also a unanimous vote of thanks from the Volksraäd of the Orange Free State. I think I may safely add that we should have had no inglorious Transvaal War had the Government of the day acted in accordance with Sir Donald's recommendations.

Among the South African blue-books is a letter by Sir Donald Currie to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, which, if it had been attended to by the Govern-

ment of the day, would have saved us a great deal in the way of treasure and of blood.

Sir Donald writes: "First of all Her Majesty the Queen should be accepted cordially by the Transvaal Boers as the supreme head; the people to elect their own representatives; the Imperial Government to nominate members and the Parliament to appoint its own Chief Administrator (the delegates would like a President) under a Constitution framed with the approval of Her Majesty's Government. It might also be arranged by convention, or treaty, that the Transvaal should not engage in foreign war, or in any dealings with the native races considered to be objectionable by the Queen's Government, and it might be made a condition that the Transvaal should form part of a South African confederation over which the Queen's Lord High Commissioner should preside, this confederation directing and controlling all matters of general interest to the South African community.

"I go even further, and think it might be arranged that the Administrator or Chief Authority of the Transvaal might be appointed with the Queen's approval; but in any case the country should be in strict alliance with England, and under its protectorate. If this could be arranged (that is to say, in the event of the refusal to the

memorial from the Transvaal and of risk of trouble there), then I think the Boers might be induced, by tact and management, to fall in with some such arrangement as I have indicated, for they could be made to feel that we wished them to be our brethren, and not under subjection—which they violently denounce, as they say that they have had no voice in the settlement of their destiny.

"I need hardly assure you, Sir, with your knowledge of South Africa, that very much depends upon your retaining the sympathy and affection of the Transvaal Boers; for whether they are to be under the Crown of England, or under some such arrangement as I have indicated, or altogether independent, or forced, in their judgment, to go away to other districts of the Continent, it is of very great consequence for the future of South Africa that they should be contented and friendly.

"It would be easy to stir up angry feelings in their recollection of what the Boers have always considered to have been injurious treatment at the hands of persons who held official positions; but instead of antipathies and discord, we might, by good and kindly dealing, secure their strong attachment to this country, and, in time, clear away prejudices which prevail amongst them, owing to our action with regard to the Diamond Fields and our

dealings in the previous history of the Transvaal and Free State.

"At present the population is largely composed of the Boers; but many Englishmen hold land there, and the country would soon be settled to a considerable extent if fair prospects of peace and goodwill existed. And there is one very important condition which might with perfect fairness be included in the Constitution, viz:—that at any time a majority in the country should have the power to decide upon annexation to England. The Boers have a strong conviction of the justice of a decision by a majority, and they would recognise, I believe, some such arrangement, just as they would now accept the decision to be annexed to England if a majority of qualified voters could be found in the Transvaal willing to vote for the maintenance of the present condition of things."

When the Zulu War broke out, it must be remembered that it was the *Dunrobin Castle*, one of Sir Donald's steamers, that brought to this country the intelligence of the disasters of Isandula, she leaving Table Bay a day before the appointed time for that purpose. When the news arrived, Sir Donald telegraphed to another of his steamers, the *Conway Castle*, which had left England before the arrival of the *Dunrobin Castle* to proceed to St. Vincent, a little out of the

direct route, and await further orders. In this way four days were secured to the Government for making their arrangements, and the news sent out enabled Lord Chelmsford to countermand orders previously given, and to save ultimately the garrison of Ekowe. In 1880 Sir Donald became M.P. for Perthshire, and lately he has become a Perthshire laird. He had previously made an unsuccessful attempt to get into Parliament; that was in 1878, when he contested a seat for his native town of Greenock, where he had secured a large share of popularity with the workmen on account of his efforts to secure a termination of the strikes and lock-outs then seriously hindering the shipbuilding trades of Glasgow and Greenock. The attempt, however, failed. The Liberals were divided. There was a coalition between the Conservatives and Home Rulers, and a Tory was returned. In 1877 Sir Donald was a member of the Congress held in Brussels, under the auspices of the noted National Association for the Exploration of Eastern Central Africa, presided over by the King of the Belgians. When, in 1880, he delivered a lecture at the Royal United Service Institution, on "The Adaptation of Ocean Steamers to War Purposes," the lecture, which was subsequently republished, led to a discussion in which many distinguished officers took part.

Not only is Sir Donald connected with the City —are not the offices of his Company in Fenchurch Street?—but he is a Deputy-Lieutenant of the City, having attained that high position in 1880. Honours of all kinds have been heaped on him, and in 1880 he obtained the Fothergill gold medal of the Society of Arts "for the improvements introduced by him into his passenger steamers, having for their object the prevention of loss of life at sea, from fire or accident." A little while after, on the occasion of the opening of the Edinburgh Docks at Leith, he was rewarded with his baronetcy, an honour fairly won and well deserved. As a friend of the Premier, Sir Donald deserves the thanks of the nation for securing to the former such health-restoring sea-trips—trips, which it is needless to observe, Sir Donald enjoys as much as Mr. Gladstone himself.

THE LORD MAYOR.

Towards the end of September ugly rumours were afloat in the City to the effect that the Alderman next in order for the Mayoralty was to be set aside and that another was to be elected in his stead. Alderman Hadley, the Alderman aggrieved, naturally felt indignant, and equally indignant were his constituents. It is a great affront to a Ward when its Alderman is passed over, and it is one which a Ward feels the more inasmuch as it is an affront rarely perpetrated. Once and only once within the memory of living man has the Court of Aldermen elected an Alderman out of his turn, and that was in the case of Mr. Cubitt, when the Alderman whose turn it was waived it on account of ill health. But Mr. Hadley not only was willing to serve, but he had made it known that in the absence of a wife he had found a niece who had expressed her willingness to take upon herself the office of Lady Mayoress. Indeed, it might be said that the worthy Alderman had come

all the way from America—where he had been raising a new company—for the express purpose of his election, and naturally alarmed at the rumours circulated, he called a meeting of his Ward, who not only had nothing to say against him but awarded him the highest praise. This meeting was held on a Tuesday. On the Saturday following, in spite of the almost unanimous show of hands held up for the Alderman in the Guildhall, he was passed over and another elected in his stead, a state of things which filled the citizens of London with wonder and amazement. Under the circumstances of the case—considering that the existence of the Corporation of London is in jeopardy, that Mr. Gladstone is ready to strike his axe at the foot of that tree—no one anticipated that the Court of Aldermen would have had the audacity, at the bidding of an official, to despise the suffrages of the Livery, to pass over not one Alderman but two, and to settle their choice on Mr. Alderman Fowler, one of the Tory M.P.'s for the City. It is questionable whether they could have done a more unpopular act, and the hisses which greeted the new Lord Mayor, as he made his bow to the public, may be accepted as a fair omen of the reception he was to meet with from the general public, when he rode in his state carriage to be sworn at the new Courts of Law in the Strand.

Under ordinary circumstances the business of the election of Lord Mayor is a pleasant little farce, settled according to precedent and ending with a good dinner, in which a good deal of mutual admiration is uttered, that is, after the turtle has disappeared and while the festive board sparkles with champagne.

The Aldermen are divided into those who have passed the chair, and those who have not. Of the latter it has been the memorable custom on the 29th day of September, to elect the senior as Lord Mayor. The Livery, invited to assemble in the Guildhall by the Recorder, return two names, including that of the senior and the Alderman next in rotation —this gentleman being, in the present instance, Mr. Alderman Nottage—to the Lord Mayor and Alderman who at the time sat in the Aldermen's room, "the door being closed and kept by the marshal." They in this secret meeting select which of the two shall be Lord Mayor for the ensuing year. It was whispered that, provided Alderman Hadley were passed over, that Alderman Nottage was ready to serve; and, though the show of hands was all in favour of Alderman Hadley, he was passed over, and so was Alderman Nottage, and the choice of the Aldermen fell on Mr. Alderman Fowler, to his own astonishment, as he tells us, and certainly to

the astonishment of everyone else. It is clear that the general public considered that the decision of the Aldermen was given on political grounds alone, inasmuch as Messrs. Hadley and Nottage are both Liberals, while Mr. Alderman Fowler is a Tory of an advanced type, one who appears to side with Mr. Warton, rather than with Sir Stafford Northcote. The Common Serjeant, who selected the name of Mr. Fowler, was, we all know, Tory M.P. for Salford, and perhaps anticipates a similar honour again. It was only the other day the Corporation selected Sir Whittaker Ellis, a Tory, rather than Sir William McArthur, M.P.—who, as an Irishman, was peculiarly qualified for the office—to be governor of the Irish Society. Toryism seems to have infected the Corporation; and of this the latest exhibition is the vote referred to, which, as an old Liveryman writes in *The Daily News*, "will drive the last nail into their coffin more effectually than their contemptuous defiance of the wish of the Livery, who greet their future Lord Mayor with hisses, and refuse to hear him utter a word there." Of course this is the kind of letter written under such circumstances. The Livery will put up with the contemptuous defiance, and in the end endorse it.

Mr. Robert Nicholas Fowler—the gentleman thus

become a nine days' wonder—son of the late Mr. Thomas Fowler, banker, of Bruce Green, Tottenham, was born in 1828, and was educated at University College, Gower Street, and so well did he improve his time as a student that he took his degree of B.A. at the London University, with high honours, in classics and mathematics; and ultimately became M.A. and a member of the Council.

He has seen a little of the world, and has published an account of his tour in Japan, China, and India. He was bred a Quaker; married into a Quaker family; his wife was one of the Fox's, of Falmouth, the sister of that Caroline whose interesting literary reminiscences have had such an extensive sale. He is also one of the prominent members of the Aborigines Protection Society, and so far may be said to act in accordance with Quaker traditions.

In 1868, he commenced his City career as Alderman for Cornhill, and in 1870 he served the office of Sheriff. Considering that the new Lord Mayor may have to speak under unpleasant circumstances, he may be said to be exceptionally qualified for his task by the possession of a voice of a somewhat stentorian character. At the last election he was chosen one of the Conservative M.P.'s for the City.

Wherever he is, Alderman Fowler will be sure to make himself heard, and to acquit himself as becomes a gentleman. His election was ratified by the Court of Common Council; and even the far-off borough of Chippenham—near which the Alderman has his country seat—has passed a resolution rejoicing at his elevation to the dignity of Lord Mayor.

In 1876, Mr. Alderman Fowler appeared before the world as an author, in a well-written volume, published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, under the title of "A Visit to Japan, China, and India." In that volume, he explains his views on the relation of coloured races to whites, in a way which accounts for the active part he takes in connection with the Aborigines Protection Society.

"We sometimes hear it said," he writes, "that it is a law of nature that the feebler races of mankind should be extinguished by an advancing civilisation. To me this appears a hollow and worthless excuse for the cupidity and rapacity of mankind. Civilisation professes to aim at the elevation and improvement of the human race, while by the precepts of our holy religion we are commanded not to defraud or go beyond our neighbours in anything. Can it be said then that the only way to elevate the earth is to remove the weaker race of man off its

face? Such a doctrine is a disgrace to civilisation, a violation of the principles of humanity. I know that the improvement of aboriginal tribes is an undertaking of great difficulty; but missionaries, going forth in dependence on the help of God, have been blessed in their arduous labours, while the State is bound to afford them justice and protection. In this duty most Governments have signally failed. It is only justice to the Washington Government to say that they have been honourably distinguished by their anxiety to promote the welfare of the Indians, and that President Grant in particular has striven to pursue a humane policy. In our own country King William the Fourth ought to be gratefully remembered for his declaration to Lord Glenelg in regard to the Caffre man, 'he would not have his dominions extended by injustice,' while in France the policy of the unfortunate Emperor Napoleon the Third in regard to the Arabs of Algeria deserved the admiration of every friend of humanity. But while both in the Old World and the New, individual rulers have risen to protect them, most States have allowed the Aborigines to become the prey of the settlers. A quarrel springs up between a settler and a native. It is easy for a man of some education to put the poor native technically in the wrong. The State takes the

part of the settler, and either by regular troops or by the exertions of emigrants, the natives are expelled from their country or perhaps wholly exterminated. Such, alas! is the process which has gone on in whatever part of the world civilisation has come in contact with barbarous men. The Aborigines are conquered and enslaved, and drunkenness completes the destruction which oppression has begun." Alderman as he is, Mr. Fowler's humanity is as conspicuous as his intelligence. In the same lofty spirit, Mr. Fowler condemns the encouragement the British Government gives to the opium traffic for the purpose of raising revenue, utterly careless of the ruin wrought by opium amongst the Chinese. His reason for supporting the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts is not quite so clear. He opposes them, he tells us, on the good old Tory principle that what is morally bad cannot be politically right. There are some to whom such intelligence will, at any rate, have the refreshing charm of novelty. One thing Alderman Fowler must be credited with, is a genuine John Bullism which all must admire. He tells us that, soon after leaving Queenstown, a drunken Yankee began abusing the Prince of Wales. "I was obliged to tell him," says the Alderman, "you must remember, sir, that I am an Englishman, and

if you insult my Prince you insult me." Of a Lord Mayor who can thus spiritedly act the City may well be proud.

Mr. Alderman Fowler is head of the great banking firm of Dimsdale, Fowler, Barnard, and Co., Cornhill, which was formed by the amalgamation, in 1851, of the firm of Messrs. Drewett and Fowler, with Messrs. Barnard, Dimsdale, and Co. He is a member of the Bankers' Committee, and in addition to other offices holds the position of director of some public companies. He has long been an active member of the Conservative party, for which he has done yeoman service, especially in the City. He was one of the chief promoters of the City Carlton Club, of which he is a trustee; and in addition to being a leading member of that institution he is a member of the Carlton Club and the National Club.

Mr. Fowler made his first attempt to enter Parliament in March, 1865, when he was nominated for North Wilts, but did not go to the poll. In the month of July following Mr. Fowler first essayed to become a representative of the City, polling 4086 votes as against 7102 recorded for Mr. G. J. Goschen, who headed the poll. The late Baron Rothschild, who was less strongly supported than either of the three other Liberal candidates, was over 2500 votes

in advance of Mr. Fowler. In October, 1866, he was again an unsuccessful candidate; this time for the united boroughs of Penrhyn and Falmouth, where he polled 313 votes to 376 recorded for his opponent, Mr. Jervoise Smith, the vacancy arising on the Hon. T. G. Baring succeeding to the peerage as Lord Northbrook.

He was, however, more fortunate at the general election of 1868, being returned at the head of the poll by a majority of 121 over Mr. Smith, and 135 in advance of Mr. K. D. Hodson. Mr. Fowler polled 732 votes as against 683 recorded for Mr. E. B. Eastwick, his successful Conservative colleague. The general election of 1874 witnessed another turn of the tables, as Mr. Fowler lost his seat, his supporters only numbering 743, as against 851 and 784, who preferred his Liberal opponents, Mr. D. J. Jenkins and Mr. H. T. Cole, Q.C. The spring of 1880, however, saw Mr. Fowler once more Member of Parliament, as he was in March returned second on the poll for the City of London, only a few votes dividing him from his Conservative colleagues, Mr. Alderman Cotton and the Right Hon. J. G. Hubbard, while the three Liberal candidates were over 4000 votes behind. The Lord Mayor Elect has always taken a warm interest in the City Guilds; and has twice, in successive years, held the position of the Master of the Spectacle-

makers' Company, in addition to which he is on the Courts of the Salters' and Loriners' Companies. The active interest taken by Mr. Fowler in colonial matters has often been publicly exemplified, and his philanthropic efforts on behalf of the native populations have done him much credit, the Basutos being amongst the latest tribes whose cause he has championed with marked ability.

Mr. Alderman Fowler has done one or two things which have already astonished the public. He quoted Greek at the Guildhall dinner as if he had been Mr. Gladstone himself. He got that gentleman to acknowledge that in him he, Mr. Gladstone, had ever found a frank, bold, and courageous opponent; a conclusion to which it is believed that by this time the German court chaplain and the Transvaal delegates have also arrived. But he has done more—he has abolished a custom which has been one of the few delights of the citizens of London on a dull Sunday—and the City is always dull on a Sunday—and people of a Conservative turn of mind, as regards City affairs, are perplexed. The custom has been for the Lord Mayor to attend at some of the City churches and chapels in State, if not much to the advantage of himself, at any rate to the glory of the Corporation and the delight of the mob. I have known of City churches that in this way have

been filled, to the astonishment of the few regular attendants, and the annoyance of the officials thus put to unaccustomed trouble. Mr. Alderman Fowler has seen fit to abolish this ancient custom. In a letter to his chaplain on the subject he writes:

"I have frequently told friends in Parliament that my votes on the Sunday closing question have been given because I am 'a Sabbatarian, but not a teetotaller,' and I wish to take this opportunity of stating my principles. I believe that in regard to the observance of the Sabbath there may be differences of opinion among those who desire, in the beautiful words of our Prayer-book, 'to continue Christ's faithful soldiers and servants to their lives' end,' and I know that many men, better and holier than I am, feel at liberty to take a different course in this respect. But, for myself, as a private individual, I have always endeavoured to save my servants from all work which it is possible to avoid, while, as a member of Parliament, I have advocated the observance of the Lord's Day.

"Having endeavoured both privately and publicly to advocate the observance of the Sabbath, the question arises, what course I should take as Lord Mayor, and I do not think it would be consistent with my past conduct, and I cannot reconcile it to my conscience, to take out four horses, and to put

my servants into State liveries (liveries which prevent them, I am told, entering church themselves), for the sake of going a very short distance to church. I shall be glad to attend any church which Lord Mayors usually attend, where a charity sermon is preached, and give the usual contribution (or if they think they suffer from the loss of the crowd attracted by the show, to increase it), and to welcome the clergy, churchwardens, Common Councillors, and leading parishioners, to the Mansion House to lunch afterwards; but to ride for the sake of show on a Sunday morning would be inconsistent with the principles I have always maintained."

The Bishop of London has added his approval; but nevertheless the Conservative citizen asks what next? Is this the thin edge of the wedge?—the beginning of the end?

THE END.

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